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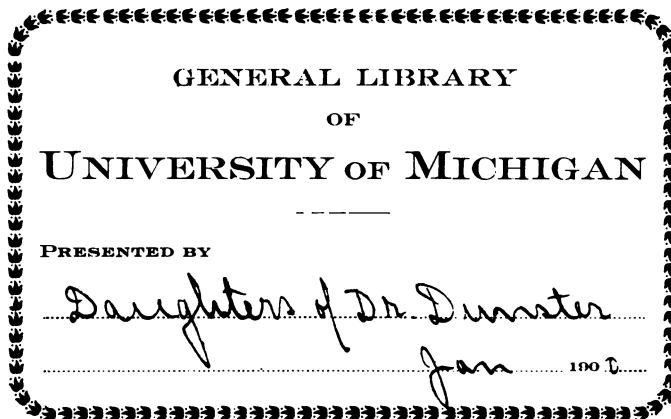
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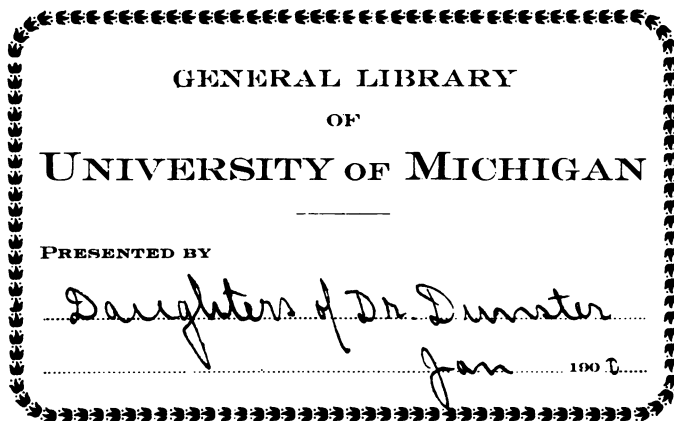
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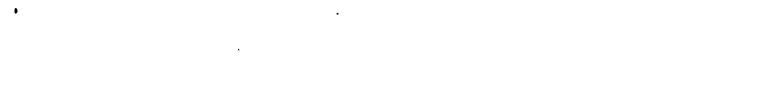
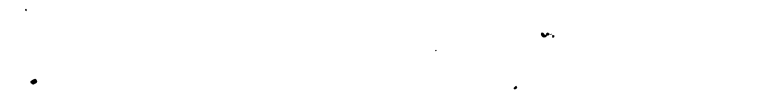
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WILL THE BELL RING

FOR THE MORAL SYSTEM?

BY JAMES G. HARRIS
Author of "The Moral System"
and "The Moral System"

THE MORAL SYSTEM



W. H. L. 112

HALF-HOURS

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WITH THE BEST POETS.

SELECTED CHIEFLY

FOR THEIR MORAL SENTIMENT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

1855

KITE & WALTON,
Printers.

CONTENTS.

God Excellent in Love, - - -	BAILEY, - -	9
Power and Benevolence, - - -	BARTON. - -	9
God Loves Best, - - - -	M. A. BROWNE,	10
Divine Affection Unchangable, -	ISAIAH, - -	12
He Will Rest in His Love, - -	ZEPHANIAH, -	13
Love Entertaining the Prodigal,	HERBERT, - -	13
Uriel, - - - - -	- - - - -	14
The Messiah, - - - - -	- - - - -	17
Love of the Son of God, - -	MILTON, - -	17
Jesus, - - - - -	MRS. LIVERMORE,	18
Spirit of Jesus, - - - - -	GASKELL, - -	20
Love-Joy, - - - - -	HERBERT, - -	21
Christ's Love our Example, -	BULFINCH, -	21
My Mother's Voice, - - - -	VERY, - -	23
Parental Affection, - - - -	BYRON, - -	24
Prisoner's Address to his Mother, -	- - - - -	25
Wedded Love, - - - - -	MILTON, - -	27
Lines to my Little Boy, - - -	LEE, - -	28
Give me my old seat Mother, -	MRS. JUDSON,	30
Wilt thou Love her still, - - -	- - - - -	32
Love at the Scaffold, - - -	CAMPBELL, -	33
Prayer of Affection, - - - -	MRS. HEMANS,	35
Love Immortal - - - - -	BEATTIE, - -	36
Friendly Love, - - - - -	CHAUCER. -	37

Love preferred to Fame, - -	TUCKERMAN, -	40
Ubiquity of Love, - - - -	- - - -	41
Come to the Fount of Love, -	MRS. J. H. SCOTT,	41
Spiritual Love, - - - - -	- - - - -	42
Love Immanent in Creation, -	SHELLY, -	43
Love more Loyal than Friendship,	LEGGETT, -	44
A Trinity of Principles, - -	BAILEY, -	44
Love, the Godlike Attribute, -	BEATTIE, -	46
Love Omnipresent, - - - -	LODGE, -	46
Harmony of Love, - - - -	WESLEY, -	47
Charity, - - - - -	TUPPER, -	49
Charity, - - - - -	SPENCER, -	49
Charity the Life of Faith, - -	KEBLE, -	50
Commandment of Charity, - -	- - - -	52
Charitable Sympathy, - - -	TUPPER, -	53
Apostrophe to Charity, - - -	POLLOK, -	54
Christianity, - - - - -	MRS. J. H. SCOTT,	55
The Gospel, - - - - -	- - - - -	56
Live to do Good, - - - - -	BETHUNE, -	56
Questions for Christians, - -	JANE TAYLOR,	57
Vision of Piety, - - - - -	PARNELL, -	58
Worship, - - - - -	WHITTIER, -	60
Love's Longings, - - - - -	- - - - -	63
Father Forgive Them, - - -	- - - - -	66
Devotional Love, - - - - -	QUARLES, -	67
Love and Prayer, - - - - -	COLERIDGE, -	69
The Acceptable Fast, - - -	PRINCE, -	69
Prayer of Love, - - - - -	BAILEY, -	70
Prayer of Benevolence, - - -	THOMSON, -	72
Abou Ben Adhem, - - - - -	HUNT, -	73
Barclay of Ury, - - - - -	WHITTIER, -	74
A Christian. - - - - -	COWPER, -	78
The Good Samaritan, - - -	BOWRING, -	79

CONTENTS.

v

The Man of Benevolence, - - -	POLLOCK, - -	80
The Genuine Disciple, - - -	COWPER, - -	83
The Poor Wayfaring Man, - - -	J. MONTGOMERY, -	84
Task of a Good Pastor, - - -	DWIGHT, - -	87
Character of a Good Parson, - - -	DRYDEN, - -	87
Village Preacher, - - - - -	GOLDSMITH, -	99
The Minister of Love, - - - -	BULWER, - -	91
The Philanthropist, - - - -	BULLFINCH, -	93
Elizabeth Frye, - - - - -	A. W. WESTON, -	95
The Female Martyr, - - - -	WHITTIER, -	96
The Hutchinsons, - - - - -	MARY HOWITT, -	101
The True Reform, - - - - -	SWAN, - - -	103
The Poet's Mission, - - - - -	- - - - -	106
Elihu Burritt, - - - - -	H. G. ADAMS, -	107
Eros and Anteros, - - - - -	SNODGRASS, -	111
Love Mightiest, - - - - -	- - - - -	112
The Reign of Love, - - - - -	ALONZO LEWIS, -	113
In Times like Ours, - - - -	JANE TAYLOR, -	114
Faith and Humanity, - - - -	TIPPER, - -	115
The Law of Love, - - - - -	FRENCH, - -	116
Love of All Things, - - - -	LOWELL, - -	117
The Balm of Speech, - - - -	- - - - -	118
Merciful Treatment of Offenders, -	BULLFINCH, -	119
Kindness, - - - - -	- - - - -	120
I was sick and in Prison, - - -	VERY, - - -	121
Forgiveness, - - - - -	TAPPAN, - -	122
Human Duties, - - - - -	MRS. CASE, -	123
Hymn to Humanity, - - - -	SANGBORNE, -	125
Kindness to the Penitent, - - -	HONEYWOOD, -	128
Hate not the Sinner, - - - -	MRS. C. F. ORNE, -	128
Kind Words, - - - - -	VERY, - - -	129
Revenge of Injuries, - - - -	CAREW, - -	130
Ministering Angels, - - - -	J. G. ADAMS, -	132

Cheer Each Other, - - - - -	133
Speak not against thy Fellow-Man, - - - - -	135
Humanity Hopeful and Loving, - CAMPBELL, -	136
Christ Betrayed, - - - - - ANNA C. LYNCH, -	137
Love Her Still, - - - - - T. WESTWOOD, -	139
A Picture, - - - - - J. A. FLETCHER, -	141
Love to Criminals, - - - - - WHITTIER, -	142
If thou hast crushed a Flower, - MRS. HEMANS, -	142
Gentle Words, - - - - - STUART, - -	144
Forget and Forgive, - - - - - TUPPER, - -	145
Spurn not the Guilty, - - - - - MRS. SAWYER, -	147
Angel of Charity, - - - - - MOORE, - -	148
Sonnet, - - - - - ANNA C. LYNCH, -	149
Sonnet, - - - - -	150
Reciprocal Kindness, - - - - - COWPER, - -	150
To a Wounded Singing Bird, - - CORNWALL, -	152
Loved Once, - - - - - MISS BARRET, -	153
The Graces of a Genuine Bard - BAILEY, - -	155
Give Me the Hand, - - - - - G. BARMBY, -	156
Your Purse and Heart, - - - - - GALLAGHER, -	157
Mine and Ours, - - - - - BARMBY, - -	158
Human Brotherhood, - - - - - JOLENS, - -	159
Christian Commerce, - - - - - COWPER, - -	159
Not to Myself Alone, - - - - -	160
Love in the Millenium, - - - - - D. K. LEE, -	162
Peace, - - - - - " " -	163
There is a Love, - - - - - MARY A. BROWN, -	164
Wm. Penn and the Indians, - - - MARY HOWITT, -	166
Love's Most Holy Sign, - - - - G. BARMBY, -	174
Kindness, - - - - - D. K. LEE, -	175
The Bells of Time, - - - - - TENNYSON, - -	177
The True Conqueror, - - - - - D. K. LEE, -	178
Revenge, - - - - - " " -	182

CONTENTS.

vii

Do they Love in Heaven, - - -	MRS. MAYO, -	184
The Power of Kindness, - - -	- - - - -	186
Little Gifts, - - - - -	- - - - -	186
The Erring, - - - - -	MISS FLETCHER, -	187
Charity in the Millennium, - - -	D. K. LEE, -	188
Law of Love, - - - - -	- - - - -	189
Gentle Words, - - - - -	- - - - -	190
Hospitality, - - - - -	GOLDSMITH, .	190
Friendship and Love, - - - -	AKENSIDE, . .	191
Compassion in God Eternal, -	COWPER, . .	191
Influence of Science, - - - -	BEATTIE, . .	192
Love's Panegyric, - - - - -	CHAPMAN, . .	193
Forgiveness, - - - - -	DRYDEN, . .	192
Love and Kindness, - - - -	BEATTIE, . .	193
Merciful Judgment, - - - - -	SHAKESPEARE, .	193
What is this Love, - - - - -	DARCY, . .	193
The Glory of Forgiving, - - -	ROWE, . . .	194
Friendship, - - - - -	CATH. PHILIPS, -	194
Supremacy of Mercy, - - - -	ROWE, . . .	194
Apostrophe to Mercy, - - - -	SOMERVILLE, .	195
The Pleasure of Mercy, - - -	WALLER, . .	195
Mercy Eternal, - - - - -	MILTON, . .	195
The Excellence of Mercy, - - -	FLETCHER, . .	195
Mercy is Heavenly, - - - - -	DAVENANT, . .	196
The Rapture of Beneficence, -	THOMSON, . .	196
Power of Love, - - - - -	TUPPER, . .	196
It is easy to Forgive, - - - -	THOMSON, . .	197
True Greatness - - - - -	ROWE, . . .	197

HALF HOURS WITH THE BEST POETS.

GOD EXCELLENT IN LOVE.

BAILEY.

God is great in love ;
Infinite in his nature, power, and grace ;
Creating, and redeeming, and destroying—
Infinite infinitely. But in love—
O ! it is the truth transcendant over all—
When thus to one poor spirit He gives His hand,
He seems to impart his own unboundedness
Of bliss. We seem to be hardly worth destroying,
And much less saving ; yet he loveth each,
As though all were his equal.

POWER AND BENEVOLENCE.

BERNARD BARTON

God is not great because omnipotent !
But because power in him is understood
And felt and proved to be benevolent,
And wise and holy—thus it ever should !
For what He wills we know is pure and good,
And has in view the happiness of ALL ;

Hence love and adoration—never could
 The contrite spirit at His footstool fall
 If power, and power alone, its feelings did appal !

If then divinest power be truly so,
 Because its object is to bless ;
 It follows that all power which man can know,
 The highest even monarchs can possess
 Displays alone, their “ less than littleness ;”

Unless it seek the happiness of man,
 And glory of the Highest :—nothing less
 Than such a use of power one moment can
 Make its possessor great, on wisdom's Godlike plan.

GOD LOVES THEE BEST.

MARY ANN BROWN.

Who loves me best ? My mother sweet,
 Whose every look with love is replete ;
 Who held me, an infant on her knee—
 Who hath ever watched me tenderly ;
 And yet I have heard my mother say,
 That she sometime must pass away :
 Who then shall shield me from earthly ill ?
 Some one must love me better still !

Who loves me best ?—My father dear,
 Who loveth to have me always near ;
 He whom I fly each eve to meet,
 When passed away is the noontide heat :
 Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies
 Brings me the wildwood strawberries.

Oh ! he is dear as my mother to me—
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best ?—My sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair !
Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,
Can any love me better than she ?
Yet, when I asked, that sister confessed,
Of all, she did not love me best !

Who loves me best ?—My brother young,
With his healthy cheek and his lisping tongue ;
Who delighted to lead me in merry play
Far down the green wood's bushy way ;
Who showeth me where the hazel-nuts grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow ;
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest—
How shall I find who loves me best !

My mother loves me—but she must die ;
My white dove loves me—but that may fly ;
My father loves me—he may be changed ;
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged :
If they should forsake me, what shall I do ?
Where should I bear my sad heart to ?
Some one, surely, would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child, there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchangable love ;
He who formed those frail, dear things
To which thy young heart fondly clings—
Even though all should forsake thee, still

He would protect thee through every ill,
Oh ! is not such love worth all the rest ?
Child ! it is God who loves thee best !

DIVINE AFFECTION UNCHANGABLE.

ISAIAH.*

Sing aloud, O ye heavens ; and rejoice, O Earth ;
Ye mountains, burst forth into song :
For Jehovah hath comforted his people,
And will have compassion on his afflicted.
But Zion sayeth : Jehovah hath forsaken me ;
And my Lord hath forgotten me.
Can a woman forget her sucking infant,
That she should have no tenderness for the son of her
womb ?
Even these may forget, but I will not forget thee.
Behold, on the palms of my hands have I delineated thee,
Thy walls are forever in my sight.
They, that destroyed thee, shall soon become thy build-
ers ;
And they, that laid thee waste, shall become thine off-
spring.
Lift up thine eyes around, and see ;
All these are gathered together, they come to thee.
As I live saith Jehovah,
Surely thou shalt clothe thyself with them all as with a
rich dress,
And bind them about thee as a bride her jewels.

*Lowth's translation.

THE GOD OF LOVE.
HE WILL REST IN HIS LOVE.

13

ZEPHANIAH.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty,
He will save ;
He will rejoice over thee with joy ;
He will rest in his love ;
He will joy over thee with singing.

LOVE ENTERTAINING THE PRODIGAL.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Love bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin ;
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack,
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked any thing.

" A guest," I answered, " worthy to be here"—
Love said—" You shall be he."

" I the unkind, ungrateful ! Ah ! my dear,
I can not look on thee."

Love took my hand ; and, smiling did reply,
" Who made the eyes, but I ?"

" Truth, Love, but I have marred them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."

" And know you not," says Love, " who bore the blame ?"
" My dear then I will serve."

" You must sit down," says Love, " and taste my meat,"
So I did sit and eat.

URIEL.

FROM THE LONDON LEADER

The Seraph Uriel, as the records tell
That angels write, from his allegiance fell ;
And He who rules the worlds beyond the sun—
He in whom love and wisdom are made one—
Did hurl him from his royalty of light,
To dwell amid the souls that wail in night.
Then Uriel felt his beauty fade away,
And a great grief lay on him day by day ;
But, as his splendor withered for his sin,
Stronger and brighter grew the love within ;
And so in silence, in his fiery jail,
He stood, rejoiced that love could yet prevail.

One day the ancient Gods that howl below
Accosted Uriel :—"Uriel, this great wo
Will never pass ; the stars will seek the sun,
The universe shall end as it begun ;
But through the endless circle of the years
That angels know, shall neither hopes nor fears
Visit the dwellers in this world of fire ;
Therefore, when hate and anguish shall inspire,
Ease your full heart with curses deep as ours ;
Your love will never win you Eden's bowers."

Then Uriel answered : "He who made the night,—
Crown'd it with stars and with the pure delight
Of the clear moon : He who made all things frail
Decrees that sov'reign beauty shall prevail.
There is no sorrow, friends, but it has still
Some soul of sweetness in it ; there's no ill
But comes from Him who made it, and is good

As fruit in season, leaf in budding wood.
But if in this drear world all hope were vain—
If penance were eternal—if such pain
He could inflict and I endure—my will
Would be to love, thro' all this cruel ill."

He ended ; and the ancient Gods below
Ceased howling, when they saw the sweet, calm glow
That wander'd over that good angel's face,
Making a moonlight round them, till the grace
That was in his brave bearing and mild speech
Melted the hatred from the hearts of each ;
And they stood up, and thro' the streets of hell
The sound of countless voices rose and fell,
Praising the silent soul that dwells above,
Singing, " We love Thee, Lord, for Thou art Love."

Then the dark dungeon burst its grates and bars,
And light came glowing in from suns and stars,
Lapsing down dreadful rifts ; the shapes below
Saw fragments of blue sky above them glow
Like windows through the rents ; they felt the air
Cooling their branded foreheads ; everywhere
They saw the faces of young angels shine,
And golden fingers point to thrones divine ;
While a low whisper murmured like the breeze
That comes and goes on tops of mulberry trees ;
And thus it said, " O, loving angels, rise,
Borne by strong love through the unfolding skies.
There is no sin, no sorrow, and no hell,
But they must cease, where hearts love long and well,
Where lips praise God in anguish and confess
There's love in pain—that even wrong can bless "

The whisper ceased ; and every soul, forgiven
 By Love for Love's sweet sake, went up to heaven.
 Each stood before his throne—fair, glad and calm ;
 And God sat in the midst, and heard the psalm
 Which joyful angels raised in chorus bland ;
 And Uriel sat like God, at God's right hand.

DEATH OF ROUSSEAU.

It is said, that a few hours previous to the death of
 ROUSSEAU, he requested one of his servants to carry him
 to a window, that he might behold for the last time the
 sun set, amidst the delightful scenery of France.

[*N. Y. Constellation.*]

Gaze on, thou unbelieving one,
 Take thy last lingering glance,
 Of yon bright glorious setting-sun ;
 'Twill rise again on France,
 'Twill crimson oft her tow'r and stream,
 It even on thy tomb may beam ;
 But never o'er that marble brow,
 Again its lustre will it throw.
 No, infidel—thine hour is come,
 Ere yet another day,
 Hath issued from night's shadowy gloom,
 A lifeless wreck thou 'lt lay ;
 And that high gifted soul of thine,
 Born like a sun, 'mid stars to shine,
 Whose powers vast, and genius high,
 Mind's loftiest own'd,—that too must die !
 'Tis false—and wrong thy creed hath said !
 No ! ne'er to man was given,
 A soul to moulder with the dead :
 It's rightful home is heaven !

Thine was created there to live,
 When earth her myriads back shall give!
 But now—alas! thy days are gone,
 And heaven by thee, can ne'er be won!
 In gorgeous tomb thy dust may lie,
 Men long thy loss may mourn;
 And Fame will bear thy memory,
 To ages yet unborn.
 But who, to be like thee, would crave
 A deathless name?—beyond the grave
 Thou durst not look; there all is night—
 Not even hope, thy path can light!

THE MESSIAH.

ANONYMOUS.

Not in the earthquake's rending force,
 Not in the blasting fire;
 Not in the strong wind's rushing course,
 Came He, their soul's desire!
 Forerunners of his coming these
 Proclaiming over earth and seas,
 As God, his might and ire;
 The still small voice—the hovering dove
 Proved him Messiah—Spoke him "Love!"

LOVE OF THE SON OF GOD.

MILTON.

He _____
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to God, offered himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampled love!
 Love no where to be found less than divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Savior of men! Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song

Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

JESUS.

MRS. LIVERMORE.

Angels trod the starry arches,
Vaulted o'er the slumbering world,
With their shining robes up-gathered,
And their stainless pinions furled,
Thrilling with their wond'rous music,
All the hushed and listening air,
And the blissful tidings chanting,
"Lo, the Son of God is here."

* * * * *
Pure as God whose suffrage chose him
To illumine the world with truth ;
Holy as the new-born angel,
When in Heaven begins its youth ;
With a heart attuned so finely,
All its chords so nicely strung,
That the faintest touch of sorrow,
Thence a deep compassion wrung ;

With a soul where every virtue,
As in constellation beamed,
With a love that ever gushing,
Into all his actions streamed,
Jesus gauged the dark abysses
Where abode the foulest sin,
And he fathomed depths the lowest,
Where the sinning had plunged in.

Oh, how deep his heart's affections,
As he spake those words of peace,
Which brought weakness to his shelter,
And the mourner's tears could cease !
Oh, how strong and how o'ermastering,
Was his bosom's secret grief,
When he saw the world in madness,
Thrusting back its sole relief !
To his heart of God-like largeness
None an answering throb could send,
None the sympathy could render
He was ever prompt to lend ;
Man could follow in his pathway,
In his tracks of joy and life,
But alone he chased the darkness,
And fought out the fearful strife.

* * * * *
Those he loved with tender yearning,
Whom he fondly chose his own,
Who exhaled his best affections,
Left him e'en to *die* alone !
He, the mate of tallest angels,
Who might wear the crown of God,
Was by all he loved forsaken,
And alone, the grave he trod.
What if, then, ye lofty spirits,
Ye of high and holy heart,
Who to be the world's Messiah,
Are by nature set apart—
What if, lone, betrayed, forsaken,
Ye must pass through mortal life !
Jesus trod that path before you,
God-upholden in the strife.

Joy for sorrow, truth for falsehood,

And for hatred, give ye love ;
For mankind endure and suffer,
And your Christ-like mission prove ;
And though to your heart's pulsations,
Not an answering beat be given,
Yet, press on, with steps untiring,
To the open gates of Heaven.

SPIRIT OF JESUS.

GASKELL.

O, not to crush with abject fear
The burdened soul of man,
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open Heaven's high plan :
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his Father know ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

O, not in coldness, nor in pride
His holy path he trod ;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God ;
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount whence peace should flow ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

O, not with cold, unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view ;
Not on the other side pass by,
And deem their tears untrue ;
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,

And Heaven's sweet refuge show ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

LOVE-JOY.

GEORGE HERBERT

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes, with J and C.
Annealed on every branch. One standing by
Asked what it meant. I, who am never loath
To spend my judgment, said, it seems to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy and Charity*. "Sir, you have not missed."
The man replied—"It figures Jesus Christ."

CHRIST'S LOVE,—OUR EXAMPLE.

BULFINCH.

Spirit of love that shrined in Jesus shone,
As shone God's presence o'er the hallowed ark,
Thou glorifiest all thou beamest on,
Robing in beauty what was cold and dark ;
And as from one bright fire full many a spark
Floats on the air, and kindling where it falls,
New light and warmth from all around it calls,
While awe-struck crowds its course resistless mark ;
So, thou, supreme in loveliness and might,
By Jesus brought on earth, from heart to heart,
Rapidly passing, fillest all with light
And warmth, and holiness ; nor dost depart,
But rising with undying flame above,
Point to the throne of Him whose holiest name is Love.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY ANN MAYLEN.

In the courts of the temple to numbers unknown,
Mid circling beholders the Saviour sat down;
With eye all serene on the multitude lent,
He marked where its throng to the treasury went.

The rich with their gold and their silver came up,
And cast in their tributes to charity's cup:
With looks too complacent in gifts of much worth,
They sought for the praise of their brethren on earth.

Then passed by a lone one, neglected and poor,
Mean, worn her apparel, as scanty her store;
All timid and trembling she dropped in her mite,
And blushed at the offering, and hastened from sight.

But He who sat by marked that boon as 't was given,
And smiled on its donor, approval from heaven.
Then what were to her the high looks of the proud,
Or her loneliness there in that cold heartless crowd.

See, here is the giver whose offering is blest!
More precious by far than the gold of the rest!
For they of their careless abundance cast in,
Their breasts coldly heaving with pride and with sin.

But she this small pittance, her all, hath bestowed
With a heart full of love, as a tribute to God!
He blesses the effort, he notes it on high;
Her witness and record are both in the sky.

Oh! like unto hers be our dole freely given,
With motive unblemished in offering to heaven.
And still from our little, our slowly earned store,
Let us lay by our mite for His church and His poor.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

JONES VERY.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when, in heart-felt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour;
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downward on my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whispers 'round my heart,
As when at eve it rose on high;
I hear, and think that she is nigh.
And they depart.

Though 'round my heart all, all beside ;
The voice of Friendship, Love had died :
 That voice would linger there ;
As when, soft-pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

PATERAL AFFECTION.

BYRON.

My daughter ! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter ! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold ;—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to be !
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This it should seem was not reserved for me ;
Yet this was in my nature ;—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.



AN ENGRAVING OF THE SCENE—THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

THE PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTER.

BY A CONVICT IN STATE PRISON.

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from our happy home ;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam ;
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
And marked them on my brow—
Yet still, I've often thought of thee,—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawns of my youth,
And pressed me to your side ;
Then love had filled my trusting heart
With hopes of future joy,
And thy bright fancy honors wove,
To deck thy 'darling boy.'

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
I left thy watchful care,
When thy fond heart was lifted up
To heaven ; thy trust was there ;
And memory brings thy parting words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek ;
But thy last loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To sooth me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove,

Are all now torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came,—
They did not love like thee.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,—
The tempter, with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away ;
And shame has left its venom'd sting,
To rack with anguish wild !
'Twould grieve thy tender heart, to know
The sorrows of thy child.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest ;
Yet still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed ,
I know thou wouldst not chide, mother,
Thou wouldst not give me pain,
But cheer me with thy softest words,
And bid me hope again.

I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me,
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea ;—
And I love thee just the same, mother,
And I long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah ! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,—
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest ;

And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice, that speaks of Heaven and thee
And bids me seek thee there.

WEDDED LOVE IN PARADISE.

MILTON.

Hail, wedded love ! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise ! of all things common else.
By thee, adulterous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin, or blame !
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place ;
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets !
Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste, pronounced,
Present or past ; as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp ; and waves his purple wings ;
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared ;
Casual fruition ! nor in court amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair ; best quitted with disdain.
These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept ;
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Showered roses, which the morn repaired.

LINES TO MY LITTLE BOY,

ON HIS SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

DAY K. LEE.

Our May-Day dawns at last, my boy,
And from the shouting morn
A glad voice tells us, of the joy
That was with thee twin-born !

Thy first young year has rolled its round
Of smiles, and tears, and pains,
And still our life on earth is found,
And still our joy remains.

The Lord take thanks for what he gave
In all that year of bliss !
For wert thou this day in thy grave,
The chastening rod I'd kiss,

And thank him for the few sweet hours
I clasped thee for my own,
And drank thy smiles, and saw the flowers
Of thy young being blown.

Dear heavenly lessons I have ta'en
While watching all thy ways ;
And tears of joy, and grief, like rain,
My eyes have wept some days.

Thou art a little milk-white dove,
That through our window came,
To pick thy meal of mortal love,
And our cold hearts inflame.

Thy nest is near the altar warm,
Of God's high dome of light,

And it may be some scarring storm
Will soon haste home thy flight ;

But all our life has been more dear,
And home, since thou wert given,
And every hour we hold thee here,
Will seem sent down from heaven. .

Thy snowy bosom pressed to mine,
Takes guile and grief away ;
Thy soft blue eyes of beauty shine,
And all my soul is day.

Rare charms thy face and form endow,—
Thy lips of lilac sweet ;
Thy linsey locks, and ivory brow,
And dimpled hands and feet ;

Thy laughter like the blue-bird's note ;
Thy curious cooing clack,—
With transport set my soul afloat,
And call past pleasures back.

God bless thee, O my bird of hope,
With every tender thing,
And thro' all fields of flight that ope,
Soar with thee wing-and-wing !

God grant thy lovely life, my boy,
Until another May,
And flood thy little heart with joy,
And smile on us who pray !

GIVE ME MY OLD SEAT, MOTHER.

MRS. JUDSON.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee ;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh ! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother ;
Few suns have rose and set
Since last the tear drop on thy cheek,
My lips in kisses met.
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems ;
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou lov'st so well ;
Thy prayers have circled round her path ;
And 'twas their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright ;
Which strewed the roses there ;
Which gave the light, and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
A happier never beat ;
And, even now, new buds of hope

Are bursting at my feet.
Oh ! mother ! life may be a dream ;
But if such dreams are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the truths of Heaven ?

I bear a happy heart, mother ;
Yet when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee.
And then the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden, fills my eye ;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, mother,
I'm very sad and lone ;
Oh ! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Opens to me like thine own.
Though sunny smiles wreath blooming lips,
While love-tones meet my ear ;
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, mother,
Now hold me to thy heart :
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,
Once more before we part.
And, mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft—too oft thou can'st not come !
And for thy darling pray.

WILT THOU LOVE HER STILL ?

ANONYMOUS.

Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
That over her bosom flow,
Will be laced with the silver threads of age,
And her step falls sad and low ?
Wilt thou love her still, when the Summer's smiles
On her lips no longer live ?
" I will love her still,
With right good will !"
Thou wilt love her still ? then our cherished one
To thy sheltering arms we give.

Wilt thou love her still, when her changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain ;
When the bosom that beat against thine own
Throbs slow with the weight of pain ;
When her silvery laugh rings out no more,
And vanished her youthful charms ?
" With free good will,
I shall love her still !"
Thou wilt love her still ? then our dearest one
We give to thy loving arms.

Remember, no grief has she ever known,
Her spirit is light and free ;
None other, with falterless step, has prest
Its innermost shades, but *thee* ! [youth
Thou wilt love her still, when the thoughts of
In their blushing bloom depart ?
" Through good and ill,
I will love her still."

Thou wilt love her still ? then our darling take
To the joy of thy noble heart !

Remember, for *thee* does she smiling leave
The friends of her early days—
No longer to meet their approving looks,
Nor their fond, unfeigned praise.
Forgive her then if the tears fall fast,
And promise to love her well.

‘ I will love her still,
With right good will !’
Thou wilt love her still ? then with peaceful trust
We our sobbing sorrows quell.

When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies soft on her mother’s breast :
When her brother’s voice is no longer heard,
And her sister’s hushed to rest—
Wilt thou love her still ? for to *thee* she looks,
Her star on life’s troubled sea !
“ I will love her still,
Through good and ill !”
With the marriage vow on her youthful lip,
Then, we give our child to thee !

LOVE AT THE SCAFFOLD.

GILDEROY—CAMPBELL.

The last, the fatal hour has come,
That bears my love from me ;
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree !

The bell has tolled ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom :
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb
The sledge is all thy bier !

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
These limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

● A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears.

And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy !

Then will I seek the dreary mound,
That wraps thy mouldering clay ;
And weep and linger on the ground
And sigh my heart away.

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

HEMANS.

Blessings, O Father, shower !
Father of mercies ! round his precious head !
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power :—oh ! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at will !
But let thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still !

Let such a sense of Thee
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That where'er he move,
Its heavenly serene
Upon his heart and mein

May sit undimmed ! a gladness rest his own,
 Unspeakable, and to the world unknown !
 Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams
 Remembered faintly gleams,
 Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with Thee,
 Made by Thy spirit free
 And when Thou callest him from his mortal place
 To his last hour be still, be still that sweetness given,
 That joyful trust, and brightly let him part,
 With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
 Mature to meet in heaven
 His Savior's face !

 LOVE IMMORTAL.

BEATTIE.

Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
 When Fate relenting lets the flower revive ?
 Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury and pain ?
 No ; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
*Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant
 reign.*

Curved is the line of Beauty,
Strait is the line of Duty,
 Walk by the *last* and thou wilt see
 The *first* forever follow thee.

FRIENDLY LOVE.

CHAUCEK.

Love of friendship also there is
 Which maketh no man do amiss ;
 Of will yknit betwixten two,
 That will not break for wele ne woe ;
 Which long is likely to contune, ¹
 When will and good been in commune,
 Grounded by Godde's ordinance,
 All whole withouten discordance,
 With them yholding commance, ²
 Of all their good in charity ; ³
 That there be none exception
 Through changing of intention ;
 That each help other at their need,
 And wisely hele ⁴ both word and deed ;
 True of meaning devoid of sloth,
 For wit ⁵ is nought withouten truth ;
 So that the one dare all his thought
 Say to his friend, and sparen nought,
 As to himself, without dreading
 To be discovered by uraying, ⁶
 For glad is that congunction

1 Contune—continue. 2 Commance—companionship. 3 Charity—
 otherly love. 4 Hele—conceal. 5 Wit—understanding. 6 Uraying—
 betraying.

Where there is no suspicion
 Betwixten them whom they would prove,
 That true and perfect were in love ;
 For no man may be amiable
 But if he be ¹ so firm and stable
 That fortune change him not, nor blind,
 But that his friend alway him find,
 Both poor and rich, in one estate ;
 For if his friend through any gate ²
 Will complain of his poverty,
 He should not bide so long till he
 Of his helping doth him require ;
 For good deed done through prayer, ³
 Is sold and bought too dear i-wis ⁴
 To heart that of great value is ;
 For heart fulfilled of gentleness
 Can evil demean ⁵ his distress ;
 And man, that worthy is of name,
 Lo asken often hath great shame.

A good man burneth in his thought
 For shame when that he asketh aught ;
 He hath great thought, and dreadeth age
 For his disease ⁶ when he shall pray .
 His friend lest that he warned ⁷ be
 Till he prove his stability :
 But when that he hath founden one
 That trusty is, and true as stone
 And hath assayed him at all,
 And found him steadfast as a wall,
 And of his friendship be certain
 He shall him show—both joy and pain,

¹ But if he be—unless he be. ² Any gate—any mode or means.
³ Prayer, en'reaty. ⁴ I-wis—certainly. ⁵ Demean—complain of. ⁶
 Disease, vexation. ⁷ Warned, refused.

And all that he dare think or say,
 Withouten shame as he well may ;
 For how should he ashamed be
 Of such a one as I told thee ?
 For when he not his secret thought,
 The third shall know thereof right nought ;
 For tway in number is bet than three
 In every counsel and secre :
 Reproof he dreadeth never a deal
 Who that beset his wordes well,
 For every wise man out of drede
 Can keep his tongue till he see need.

And foole's cannot hold their tongue ;
 A foole's bell is soon yrung ;
 Yet shall a true friend doen more
 To help his fellow of his sore,
 And succour him when he hath need
 In all that he may do indeed,
 And gladden that he him pleaseth
 Than his fellow that he easeth :
 And if he do not his request,
 He shall as muchel him molest ¹
 As his fellow, because that he
 May not fulfil his volonte ²
 All fully as he hath required.
 If both the hearte's love hath fired
 Both joy and woe they shall depart, ³
 And take evenly each his part ;
 Half his annoy he shall have aye,
 And comfort him what that he may,
 And of his blisse part shall be,
 If love willen departed be.

¹ Him molest, he will as much distress himself. ² Volonte, will, desire. ³ Depart, divide.

LOVE PREFERRED TO FAME.

TUCKERMAN.

A loving eye beguiles me more
Than fame's emblazoned seal,
And one sweet note of tenderness
Than triumph's wildest peal.

Give me the boon of love !
The path of fame is drear,
And glory's arch doth ever span
A hill-side cold and sere.
One wild-flower from the path of love,
All lowly though it lie,
Is dearer than the wreath that waves
To stern ambition's eye.

Give me the boon of love !
The lamp of fame shines far,
But love's soft light glows near and warm—
A pure and household star.
One tender glance can fill the soul
With a perennial fire ;
But glory's flame burns fitfully—
A lone funereal pyre.

Give me the boon of love !
Fame's trumpet-strains depart ;
But love's sweet lute breathes melody
That lingers in the heart.
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in a happier sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom !

THE UBIQUITY OF LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats mellifluent on the balmy air,
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love ;
Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze.
As downward looking on this wayward world
He lights it back to God

COME TO THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

MRS. SCOTT.

Come to the fount of love !
Come while youth's sun the sky of life is flushing,
Come while the thoughts of thy young heart are pure,
Come while the roses in thy path are blushing,
Come to the fount whose waters e'er endure.
Come while affection's waves are sweetly flowing,
Come ere thy sun is glimmering in the west ;
Come with thy young soul in deep ardor glowing,
Come to thy Savior, he will give thee rest—
Come to the fount of love !

Come to the fount of love !

Leave the vain flowers that deck the fields of passion,
 Leave the false hopes that glitter to betray,
 Leave the vain arts which guide the world of fashion,
 Leave all that make thee linger on thy way,
 Leave the cold doubts that breathe of skeptic weakness,
 Leave the fanatic in his wild career,
 Leave all, and bow thy spirit in its meekness,
 Leave all, and taste of life the waters clear—
 Come to the fount of love !

Come to the fount of love !
 Kneel where the gem of faith is ever gleaming,
 Kneel where the pearl of hope is always bright,
 Kneel where the eye of charity is beaming,
 Kneel, gentle pilgrim, and receive thy sight.
 Kneel, and thy soul shall prove a we'll of gladness
 Kneel, and eternal life will soon be thine,
 Kneel, and forget in joy thy spirit's sadness,
 Kneel, and thy heart shall never more repine—
 Come to the fount of love !

SPIRITUAL LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

There is a LOVE ! 'tis not the wandering fire
 That must be fed on folly, or expire ;
 Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
 That fades as rises Reason's nobler day ;
 But passion made essential, holy, bright,
 Like the raised dead, our dust transformed to light.
 'Tis not the cold Romance's ecstasy,

The flame new-lit at every passing eye ;
 But the high impulse that the stately soul
 Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole ;
 Yet seeks it not, nay turns with stern disdain
 On its own weakness that can wear a chain ;
 Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
 Feels all the strength departed from its side.

 LOVE IMMANENT IN CREATION.

SHELLY.

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
 We can desire, Oh Love ! and happy souls
 Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
 Catch thee and feed from thy o'erflowing bowls,
 Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew.
 Thou art the radiance which when ocean rolls
 Investeth it ; and when the heavens are blue
 Thou fillest them ; and when the earth is fair
 The shadows of thy moving wings imbue
 Its deserts, and its mountains ; till they wear
 Beauty like some bright robe. Thou even soarest
 Among the towers of men ; and as soft air
 In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
 Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
 Thou flourest among men ; and age implorest
 That which from thee they should implore,—the
 weak
 Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts.
 The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek
 A garment, whom thou clothest not ?

LOVE MORE LOYAL THAN FRIENDSHIP.

LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
 Fly o'er the seas away,
 Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
 And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near
 While fortune's sun is warm,
 Are startled if a cloud appear,
 And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
 Each other warbler's past,
 The little snow-bird still remains
 And chirrups midst the blast.

Love like that bird, when friendship's tongue
 With fortune's sun depart ;
 Still lingers with its cheerful song,
 And nestles on the heart.

A TRINITY OF PRINCIPLES.

BAILEY.

Love is the happy privilege of mind—
 Love is the reason of all living things,
 A trinity there seems of principles,
 Which represent and rule created life—
 The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
 In all throughout one common feeling reigns :
 Each doth maintain and is maintained by other,

All are compatable—all needful ; one
To life,—to virtue one—and one to bliss ;
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being.
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come ;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme :
The three are one in centre and in round ;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail ! air of love by which we live !
How sweet, how fragrant ! Spirit, though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God—
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence ;
For God, being LOVE, in love created all,
As He contains the whole, and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good :
We love each other ; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand divers shapes,
According to their reason, love us too ;
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom's Love,—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of CHRIST and LOVE. His great command—
His all sufficing precept,—was 't not love !
Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
To love God we must all His creatures love—
To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus Love is all that's wise, fair, good and happy.

LOVE IS THE GOD-LIKE ATTRIBUTE.

BEATTIE.

But say, in courtly life can craft be learned,
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul ?
Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearned,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control ?
Is glory there achieved by arts as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl ;
Love is the God-like attribute of man,
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

LOVE OMNIPRESENT.

THOMAS LODGE.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with its arrows wounds mine eyes ;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found ;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again ;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear it sing ;
If so I meditate alone,
It will be partner of my moan ;
If so I mourn it weeps with me,
And where I am there it will be '

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

WESLEY.

Lord, subdue our selfish will ;
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
 Gently touch the trembling strings ;
 Make the harmony of love
 Music for the King of Kings.

WE ARE WISER THAN WE KNOW.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Thou, who in the midnight silence
 Lookest to the orbs on high,
 Feeling humbled, yet elated,
 In the presence of the sky ;
 Thou who minglest with thy sadness
 Pride ecstatic, awe divine,
 That ev'n thou canst trace their progress,
 And the law by which they shine ;
 Intuition shall uphold thee,
 Even tho' reason drag thee low :
 Lean on faith, look up rejoicing,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who hearest plaintive music,
Or sweet songs of other days ;
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,
Or clear voices hymning praise,
And would weep, thou knowst not wherefore,
Though thy soul is steeped in joy ;
And the world looks kindly on thee,
And thy bliss hath no alloy ;
Weep, nor seek for consolation,
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow ;
They are hints of mighty secrets,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who in the noon-tide brightness
Seest a shadow undefined ;
Hearest a voice, that indistinctly
Whispers caution to thy mind ;
Thou who hast a vague foreboding
That a peril may be near,
Even when Nature smiles around thee,
And thy conscience holds thee clear :
Trust the warning, look before thee—
Angels may the mirror show,
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,
We are wiser than we know.

Countless chords of heavenly music
Struck in earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord,
To the answering soul of man :
Countless rays of heavenly glory,
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.

CHARITY.

49

Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music,
We are wiser than we know.

CHARITY.

TUPPER.

Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,
But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly on the violets
around her :
She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to
the verge of the horizon,
For her angel-face is lustrous and beloved even as the
moon in Heaven :
But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener
concentration,
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home,—that
hill-top where she sitteth :
Therefore she is kind unto her kin, yearning in affection
on her neighbors,
(Giving gifts around to those who know and love her well.

CHARITY.

SPENCER.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth, not easy to compare ;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare,

As hell she hated, chaste in work and will ;
 Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
 Plying their sports that joy'd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and
 young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old :
 And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fair,
 Whose passing price uneath was to be told ;
 And by her side there sat a gentle pair
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

CHARITY THE LIFE OF FAITH.

KEBLE.

Would'st thou the life of souls discern ?
 Nor human wisdom nor divine
 Helps thee by aught beside to learn,
 Love is life's only sign.
 The spring of the regenerate heart,
 The pulse, the glow of every part,
 Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
 As man embraced, as God adored.

But he whose heart will bound to mark
 The full, bright burst of summer morn,
 Loves to each little dewy spark.
 By leaf or flow'ret worn

Cheap forms, and common hues, 'tis true,
Thro' the bright shower-drop meet his view,
The coloring may be of this earth ;
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find ;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shin'd ;
But chiefly Christian souls : for they,
Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with baptismal dew.

No distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore ;
Nor wrong nor wrath of deadliest mood,
That magic may o'erpower ;
Oft, ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts ;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood :
Oh ! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life !

Then draw we nearer, day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God ;

Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road,
Not wondering, though in grief, to find,
The martyr's foe still keep her mind ;
But fixed to hold Love's banner fast,
And by submission win at last.

COMMANDMENT OF CHARITY.

ANONYMOUS.

In the hour of keenest sorrow—
In the hour of deepest woe—
Wait not for the coming morrow,
To the sad and suffering go.
Make it thy sincerest pleasure
To administer relief;
Freely opening thy treasure
To assuage a brother's grief.

Go and seek the orphan sighing—
Seek the widow in her tears ;
As on mercy's pinions flying,
Go—dispel their darkest fears ;
Seek the stranger, sad and weary,
Pass not on the other side,
Though the task be sad and dreary,
Heeding not the scorn of pride.

Go, with manners unassuming,
In a meek and quiet way—
O'er the father ne'er presuming,

Though thy brother sadly stray ;
'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion—
'Tis his righteousness alone,
All unmerited salvation
That a round thy path has shown.

THE POWER AND BLESSEDNESS OF CHAR-
ITABLE SYMPATHY.

TUPPER.

Man is of three natures, claiming all for charity !
It is not enough to give him meats, withholding other
comfort ;
For the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so
the human animal
Eateth its unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless
pauper :
Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed
his spirit,
And teach him that thine alms-givings are charities, are
loves.
I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied
him ;
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt hap-
pier :
Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gait ;
They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gal-
lants flung him gold ;
He, poor spirit, humbled wretch, gathered up their givings
with a curse,
And went—to share it with his brother, the beggar, who
had pitied him.

APOSTROPHE TO CHARITY.

POLLOK.

Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal harp !
 Breathe numbers warm with love ! while I rehearse,
 Delightful theme ! resembling most the songs
 Which day and night are sung before the Lamb !

Thy praise, O Charity ! thy labors most
 Divine ; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,
 And groans ; thy great, thy God-like wish, to heal
 All misery, all fortune's wounds, and make
 The soul of every living thing rejoice.
 O thou wast needed much in days of time !
 No virtue, half so much ; none half so fair :
 To all the rest, however fine, thou gainest
 A finishing and polish without which
 No man entered heaven.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I remember how I loved her, when a little guiltless child,
 I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me and smil'd,
 My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell,
 And I blessed the glorious Giver "who doeth all things
 well."

Months pass'd, that bud of promise was unfolding every
 hour,

I thought that earth had never smil'd upon a fairer flower,
 So beautiful it well might be the bowers where angels dwell
 And waft the fragrance to His throne, "who doeth all
 things well."

Years fled—that little sister then, was dear as life to me,
 And woke in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry ;
 I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lur'd by some magic
 spell,

Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all things well."

The star went out in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Sa-
viour's brow,
She bow'd to the destroyer's hand, whose shafts none
may repel,
But we know, for God has told us, "He doeth all things
well."

I remember well my sorrow as I stood beside her bed,
My deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me she
was dead!
And oh! that cup of bitterness—let not my heart rebel;
God gave, He took, He will restore—"He doeth all
things well."

CHRISTIANITY, IS WHAT?

Is what, dost thou ask? 'Tis the sunbeam that dries
The night-gathered tear from the violet's eyes—
That warms the cold earth round the valueless thorn,
And flings through the darkness a beautiful morn.

What is it? The perfume which steals from sweet flowers,
When the sick heart is pining for summer's lov'd showers,
The raindrop that falls on the desolate leaf;
The oil that composes the billows of grief.

What is it? The young breeze, whose pinions, unfurled;
Stay not till their choice gifts have circled the world;
A harp-tone at midnight, when nature is still,
Or the voice of a dove by a pine shaded rill.

What is it? A star on the wild-heaving sea,
Prostrating the proud on a prayer bended knee:
A fire that refineth the metal within;
The canker which gnaws at the vitals of sin.

56 LOVE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

What is it? 'Tis Mercy, 'tis Justice, 'tis Truth—
The staff of the aged, the glory of youth;
The rainbow of promise to brighten our tears;
A lamp in death's valley dispersing our fears.
What is it? Thou asketh—thy answer is there
In thy own smiling heart, with its beautiful prayer,
It breathes through all nature—it centres above;
'Tis our own spirit's essence, 'tis Infinite Love.

THE GOSPEL.

ANONYMOUS.

Not in the regal halls
Of power and wealth, the Undeiled was born,
But in the manger of a lowly inn;
Not by the glare of day, the heavenly host
Their anthem sang, but in the solitude
Of solemn night; nor in the gorgeous fane
Which crowned Moriah's mount, but in the fields
Of peaceful Bethlehem. Not upon the ear
Of God's anointed priesthood, fell that strain
Of precious promise to the sons of men,
But of the humble shepherds of the plain.
Thus make the Gospel in the lowliest heart
Its favorite shrine, while to the poor, the meek,
The afflicted, comes its voice to soothe the soul
With its unutterable wealth of love.

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

BETHUNE.

Live to do good; but not with thought to win
From man reward of any kindness done:

Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but, while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cross, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppressed,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake,
Who died for thine, fixing thy purpose ever,
High as His throne, no wrath of man can shake !
So shall He own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Savior's bitter cup.

Do nought but good ; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is ; 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompence above ;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

THE QUESTION FOR CHRISTIANS.

JANE TAYLOR.

The question is not, if our earthly race
Was once enlightened by a flash of grace ;

If we sustained a place on Zion's hill,
And called him Lord—but if we did his will.
What, if the strangers sick and captive lie,
Naked and hungry, and we pass them by?
Or do but some extorted pittance throw,
To save our credit, not to ease their woe!
Or, strangers to the charity whence springs
The liberal heart, devising liberal things,
We, cumbered ever with our own pursuits,
To others leave the labor and the fruits;
Pleading excuses for the crumb we save,
For want of faith to cast it on the wave!
—Shall we go forth with joy to meet our Lord,
Enter his kingdom, reap the full reward?
—Can such his good, his faithful servants be,
Blest of thee Father!—Read his word and see!

VISION OF PIETY

PARNELL.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapors love to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seemed to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in, a sweet perfume
Blown from eternal gardens, filled the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appeared a daughter of the realms of rest.
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,

Her honored hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seemed a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.
Straight as I gazed my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonders fixed my view :
When lo ! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sailed as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seemed to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began :—
'Where glorious mansions are prepared above,
The seats of music and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mixed with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard. * * *

 * * Thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance ;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of everblazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way :
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God ;
Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest ? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie ;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gay, and tens of thousands sing ;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,

60 LOVE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

And still afflict him till he reach the grave
Make him resigned, his loads of sorrow meet
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet ;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.

WORSHIP.

WHITTIER.

" Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this :
To visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction, and
to keep himself unspotted from the world."—JAMES i: 27.

The Pagan Myths through marble lips are spoken
And Ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow, and grey ring of stone.

And Faith had martyrs in these old high places,
The Syrian hill-grove and the Druid's wood,
With mother's offering to the Fiend's embraces,
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
Of lawless Power, and sanguinary Terror,
Throned in the circles of the pitiless sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over casting
All heaven above and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and wo !



ENGRAVED BY S. PIERCE.



Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer ;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burdened air.

As if the pomp of rituals and the savor
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please ;
As if His ear could bend with childish favor
To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the Church aisles holy
With trembling reverence ; and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
rushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at His earthly children's hands ;
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For earth he asks it ; the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning and increase ;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper-lights on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
Nor dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken,
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds " the WIDOW and the FATHERLESS !"

62 LOVE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?
Who, with vain longing seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home-lights which have fled ?

Oh brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there :
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the Great Example
Of Him whose holy work was " doing good ;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

LINES BY CAROLINE FRY.

How cold must the heart be, that, beating in health,
And blest with the blessings of freedom and wealth,
Surrounded by joys all the earth can afford,
To forget, for one moment, the claims of the Lord.

From whence cometh all that the eye doth behold ?
Life, sustenance, raiment to neutralize cold ;
Whence cometh the power to utter a word ?
But from Him, the forgotten, creation's own Lord.

The air that is breathed, and the earth that is trod,
Proceed from the fatherly goodness of God ;
And connections and friends by affection adored,
As life's sweetest ties are derived from the Lord.

And cold must the heart be—ungratefully cold,
Permitted for years such choice blessings to hold,
Which cannot one poor daily moment afford
To acknowledge in secret the claims of the Lord!

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

ANONYMOUS.

Wealth!—oh! that I had wealth!
To be the bounteous giver
Of good and blessed things,
And bear on Plenty's wings,
Joy, flowing like a river!
To see the pale lip quiver
Of hunger, pain and woe,
With new and grateful gladness!
To mark the warm tear flow,
No more the tear of sadness!
To bless the pining seed
Of squalidness and toil
That droops on earth's cold soil,
With labor's generous meed!
Oh! my pent soul is burning
To place in each their hand
Its lawful, rightful earning,
Withheld in Christian land!
To clothe Want's shivering limbs,
To see the poor man righted,
To wake the cheerful hymns
Of industry required!

Power!—would that I had power
To shake the hearts of stone
That in pride's moated castles
Sit selfishly alone!
Headless earth's cry of sorrowing
From those who faint and toil,
Scarce from stern grandeur borrowing
A breathing on its soil!
To spread, o'er land and sea,
The arm of strong protection,
Where'er the helpless be,
Of every clime's complexion!
To shield the homeless poor,
Who droop in trembling sorrow,
Whose part to-day—to-morrow,
Is ever—to endure!
And where the weeping willow
Of sadness now is seen,
To plant bright evergreen,
And joy's fresh rose to guide!
His silken, downy pillow
To take from pampered pride;
To win from rich-robed pleasure
Her hoards of idle treasure,
And make, of gold and gems,
Abiding diadems!
Such as on angel-brow
Might rest—illumed the while
With God's benignant smile
And heaven's responding glow.

I have not wealth: Thou knowest it,
Thou—who hast given me bread:

Power!—Strength!—I cannot boast it:

Oh! aching heart and head,
What can ye do for sorrow?

What can ye do to bless
This world, whose each to-morrow
Ne'er makes its suffering less?

Alas! not these possessing,
My lonely prayer must rise
Up to that God, whose blessing
Marks each mute sacrifice;

That He my soul would keep
From apathy's dead sleep,
Teach it for misery's smart,
And every aching heart,
Still mournfully to weep,
Still tenderly to feel,
Though impotent to heal!

Still, by a kind smile bless,
As He hath made it able,—
The face, or pale, or sable,
That saddens with distress!
Still speak an earnest word
For woe that sits alone,

Though, by my feeble tone
No other breast be stirred!

If only in my own
Its echo may be heard,
Each kind pulse quickening—
He—He may bless the mite
I to his treasury bring,
And Love's poor offering
Make welcome in His sight.!

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

ANONYMOUS.

Go, search the records of the past,
 Thine eye on heathen learning cast ;
 Go, ask of Grecia's pride and shame—
 Rome's injured purchaser of fame ;
 Go, where repentance drop'd a tear,
 Go, where the prayers of saints appear :
 'Mid all the beauties opening there,
 Unequall'd stands this simple prayer—
 " Father, forgive them."

Search keep, amid the extensive field
 Of virtues, modern writers yield,—
 The history of the world unfold,
 Its brightest moral gems be told,
 And tell, in present or in past,
 Can she one jewel from her cast,
 With half the beauty glist'ning there,
 That's found in Jesus' simple prayer—
 " Father, forgive them."

See him betray'd, forsaken, sad ;
 View him in purple mockery clad ;
 Denied, insulted, scourged, reviled ;
 With brow unshadowed, placid, mild.
 See him away to Calvary led,
 The piercing crown upon his head ;
 And then, upon th' accursed tree,
 List thou his heaven-breath'd melody—
 " Father, forgive them."

Go, ask of Him who suffer'd there,
 T' impart the spirit of that prayer ;
 For strength to follow, as He led,
 The bless'd example here out-spread ;
 Behold His all of vengeance shown,
 When Calv'ry heard his dying groan !
 Then view His love for sinners there,
 In that expressive, fervent prayer—
 " Father, forgive them."

DEVOTIONAL LOVE.

FRANCES QUARLES.

I love (and have some cause to love) the Earth ;
 She is my Maker's creature ; therefore good,
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food :
 But what's a creature, Lord compared with thee ?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the Air ; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their Polyphonian notes delight me ;
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee ?

I love the sea ; she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore ;

But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey .
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee !
Without thy presence, Heaven's no heaven to me.

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
The highest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire ;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, If compared with Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ,
Wisdom but folly : joy, disquiet—sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasure but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness ;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be.
Nor have they being when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got ?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
I wish no sea nor land ; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

LOVE AND PRAYER.

COLERIDGE.

Farewell, farewell ; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

THE ACCEPTABLE FAST.

JOHN PRINCE.

Oh how shall I keep the acceptable fast ?
On the altar what penitent meed shall I cast ?
If my head like a bulrush, in sorrow, I bow,
While Humanity's rights I refuse to allow ;
If, still, from the needy, relief I withhold,
And gaze on the wretched with sympathies cold,—
Though loudly I utter the penitent's wail,
The service will naught with my Father prevail.
My soul from the bondage of sin I must loose,
And the service of virtue and happiness choose ;
Assist in undoing the fetters that bind
The limbs of the body, and cripple the mind ;
Remove from the sad and the sin-stricken heart
The burden of grief and the poisonous dart ;
Oppression's yoke break, and the bondman set free,
And hasten the dawning of earth's jubilee.

DEVOTIONAL LOVE.
A PRAYER OF LOVE.

BAILEY.

Grant us, oh God ! that in thy holy love
The universal people of the world
May grow more great and happy every day ;
Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, towards Thee.
And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states
Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee,
May mingle into one, like sister trees,
And so in one stem flourish :—that all laws
And powers of government be based and used
In good for the people's sake ;—that each
May feel himself of consequence to all,
And act as though all saw him ;—that the whole,
The mass of every nation may so do
As is most worthy of the next to God ;
For a whole people's souls, each one worth more
Than a mere world of matter, make combined,
A something God-like—something like to Thee !

* * * * *

Do Thou grant, Lord !

That when wrongs are to be redressed, such may
Be done with mildness, speed, and firmness, not
With violence or hate, whereby one wrong
Translates another—both to Thee abhorrent.
The bells of time are ringing changes fast.
Grant, Lord ! that each fresh peal may usher in
An era of advancement, that each change
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain.
And we beseech Thee, over-rule, oh God !
All civil contests to the good of all ;
All party and religious difference
To honorable ends, whether secure

Or lost ; and let all strife, political
 Or social, spring from conscientious aims,
 And have a generous self-ennobling end,
 Man's good and Thine own glory in view always !

* * * * *

We entreat Thee Lord !

In thy great mercy to decrease our wants,
 And add autumnal increase to the comforts
 Which tend to keep men innocent, and load
 Their hearts with thanks to Thee as trees in bearing :—
 The blessings of friends, families, and homes,
 And kindnesses of kindred. And we pray
 That men may rule themselves in faith in God
 In charity to each other, and in hope
 Of their own soul's salvation :—that the mass,
 The millions in all nations may be trained,
 From their youth upwards, in a nobler mode,
 To loftier and more liberal ends. We pray
 Above all things, Lord ! that all men be free
 From bondage, whether of the mind or body ;—
 The bondage of religious bigotry,
 And bald antiquity, servility
 Of thought or speech to rank and power : be all
 Free as they ought to be in mind and soul
 As well as by state birth-right :—and that Mind,
 Time's giant pupil, may right soon attain
 Majority, and speak and act for himself !

* * * * *

That all mankind may make one brotherhood,
 And love and serve each other ; that all wars
 And feuds die out of nations, whether those
 Whom the sun's hot light darkens, or ourselves
 Whom he treats fairly, or the northern tribes
 Whom ceaseless snows and starry winters blench,

Savage or civilized ;—let every race,
Red, black, or white, olive, or tawny-skinned,
Settle in peace and swell the gathering hosts
Of the great Prince of Peace ! Oh ! may the hour
Soon come when, all false gods, false creeds, false prophets
Demolished, the great world shall be at last
The mercy-seat of God, the heritage
Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,
The Comforter, the Wisdom ! shall all be
One land, one home, one friend, one faith, one law,
Its ruler God ; its practice righteousness,
Its life peace !

A PRAYER OF BENEVOLENCE

THOMSON.

O Thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol ; white Peace and social Love,
The tender looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles :
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind :
Courage composed and keen : sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look, clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough Industry ; Activity untired,
With copious life informed, and all awake ;
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first Parental virtue, Public Zeal ;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labors glorious with some great design.

Many to teach, but few to hear,
Though scant the boundaries of our sphere,
Truth goes slowly over the zones,
And stumbles over pebble-stones.

MACKAY.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

HUNT.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase,) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The angel raised his head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered—"The names of those who love the Lord,'
'And is mine one ?' said Adhem.—'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished ;—the next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names the love of God had blest,
And lo !—Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

BARCLAY OF URY.

WHITTIER.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when a few years ago it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road, and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury ;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master ;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding ;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward ;
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
Push him ! prick him ! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward !"

But, from out the thickening crowd,
Cried a sudden voice, and loud :
" Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay !"
And the old man, at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarr'd and sunburn'd darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud : " God save us !
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus ?"

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
" Put it up, I pray thee :
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death.
Not by me are needed."
Marveled much that henchman bold,
That his Laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Wo's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

Speak the word, and master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, will teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end :"
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

"Give me joy, that in His name
I can bear with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

" Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

" When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords
Warm and fresh and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night,
Faith beholds a feeble light,
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest,
For the full day-breaking !"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told,
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

A CHRISTIAN.

COWPER.

Behold a christian!—and without the fires
The founder of that name alone inspires,

Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
To make the shining prodigy complete,
Whoever boasts that name, behold a cheat !
Were Love, in these, the world's last doting years,
As frequent as the want of it appears,
The churches warmed, they would no longer hold.
Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold ;
Relenting forms would lose their power, or cease ;
And e'en the dipt and sprinkled live in peace ;
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest,
The statesman skilled in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep ;
His budget, often filled, yet always poor,
Might swing at ease behind his study door,
No longer prey upon our annual rents,
Or scare the nation with its big contents ;
Disbanded legions freely might depart,
And slaying man would cease to be an art.
No learned disputants would take the field,
Sure not to conquer and sure not to yield ;
Both sides deceived, if rightly understood ;
Pelting each other for the public good.
Did charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth and love.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BOWRING.

There is a tale by Jesus told ;
It charmed the listeners round of old—
A tale of that benignant man,

DISCIPLES OF LOVE'S MESSIAH.

Who, when the proud passed heedless by,
 Supplied what kindness could supply—
 The good Samaritan.

Robbed, naked, wounded, by the way
 The suffering, sinking traveler lay ;
 Swift to his aid his helper ran,
 Bound up his wounds with tender care,
 Food, raiment, home, provided there—
 The good Samaritan

And still that tale of pathos fills
 The awakened heart ; still touches, thrills
 With sympathy's own talisman,
 The springs of generous thought to move,
 And bids us imitate and love
 That good Samaritan.

A wider field is ours ; not one
 Stripped, wounded, destitute, alone ;
 But man in crowds neglected, man
 In congregated wo doth call,
 That each should be to each—to all,
 A good Samaritan.

 THE MAN OF BENEVOLENCE.

POLLOCK.

Let me record
 His praise,—the Man of great benevolence.
 Who pressed thee, Chari y to his glowing heart,
 And to thy gentle bidding, made his feet
 Swift ministers.—Of all mankind, his soul

Was most in harmony with heaven : as one
Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends ;
One in their origin, one in their rights
To all the common gifts of providence,
And in their hopes, their joys and sorrows one,
He viewed the universal human race.
He needed not a law of state, to force
Grudging submission to the laws of God ;
The law of Love was in his heart alive :
What he possessed, he counted not his own,
But like a faithful steward, in a house
Of public alms, what freely he received,
He freely gave ! distributing to all
The helpless, the last mite beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want, and so it was ;
Although the world, with compliment not ill
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.

Nor did he wait till to his door the voice
Of supplication came, but went abroad,
With foot as silent as the starry dews,
In search of misery that pined unseen,
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights
He saw ! what groans he heard in that cold world
Below ! where Sin in league with gloomy Death
Marched daily through the length and breadth of all
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,
Fair Earth ! a lazar-house, a dungeon dark ;
Where disappointment fed on ruined Hope ;
Where Guilt, worn out, leaned on the triple edge
Of want, remorse, despair ; where cruelty
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips
Of sorrow, that to deeper sorrow wailed ;
Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty,

Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent
With his own burden ; where the arrowy winds
Of winter, pierced the naked orphan babe,
And chilled the mother's heart who had no fond home,
And where alas ! in mid-time of his day,
The honest man, robbed by some villain's hand,
Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.
Oh ! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes
Of wretchedness ! or who describe what smiles
Of gratitude illumed the face of us,
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth !
As when the sun, from Cancer wheeling back,
Returned to Capricorn, and showed the north,
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,
His beamy countenance ; all nature then
Rejoiced together glad ; the flower looked up
And smiled ; the forest from his locks shook off
The hoary frost, and clapped his hands ; the birds
Awoke, and singing, rose to meet the day ;
And from his hollow den, where many months
He slumbered sad in darkness, blythe and light
Of heart the savage sprung ; and saw again
His mountains shine ; and with new songs of love,
Allured the virgin's ear :—so did the house,
The prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes
Of unprovided helplessness, revive,
As on them looked the sunny messenger
Of charity ; by angels tended still,
That marked his deeds, and wrote them in the book
Of God's remembrance.

THE GENUINE DISCIPLE.

COWPER.

The soul, whose sight all-quickenng grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
As diamonds, stript of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.
She speaks of Him, her author, guardian, friend,
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end.
In language warm as all that love inspires ;
And, in the glow of her intense desires,
Pants to communicate her noble fires.
Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine Charity commence.
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
She still is kind and still she perseveres.
She makes excuses where she might condemn ;
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them ;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
Not soon provoked, however stung or teased ;
And if, perhaps made angry, soon appeased,
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.
Such was the portrait an apostle drew ;
The bright original was one he knew ;
Heaven held his hard—the likeness must be true.

Gratitude is the homage the heart renders to God for
his goodness : christian cheerfulness is the external
manifestation of that homage.

THE POOR WAY-FARING MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.

I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all—He blest and brake
And ate, but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then,—
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—
I ran and raised the sufferer up
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof



The World.



I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,
Then made the Earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine oil, refreshment he was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn
The tide of lying tongues, I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked, if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried,—“ I will !”

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hand I knew,—
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named,—
Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not thou didst it unto me.”

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR BOY.

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—
"I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,"
Said the beggar boy, as a tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help the beggar boy on his way!"
"Not a crust, nor a crumb," the rich man said,
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church,
His face grew grave as he trod the porch,
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began, the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim;
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

The way is long, my children—long and rough
The moors are dreary and the woods are dark:
But he who creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

How much, preventing God ! how much I owe,
To the defences thou hast round me set !
Example, Custom, Fear, Occasion slow—
These scorned bondsmen were my parapet !

LORD HERBERT.

THE TASK OF A GOOD PASTOR.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

This too the task, the blest, the useful task
To invigor order, justice, law and rule ;
Peace to extend, and bid contention cease ;
To teach the words of life ; to lead mankind
Back from the wild of guilt and brink of wo,
To virtue's house and family ; faith, hope,
And joy to inspire ; to warm the soul
With love to God and man ; to cheer the sad,
To fix the doubting, rouse the languid heart ;
The wandering to restore ; to spread with down
The thorny bed of death ; console the poor
Departing mind, and aid its lingering wing.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON

DRYDEN.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim-train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor ;

As God had clothed his own ambassador,
For such, on Earth, his blest Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity ;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd ;
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best ;
He bore his great commission in his look ;
But sweetly tempered awe , and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of Heaven, and pains of Hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forced himself to drive ; yet loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds : but Love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat,
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes against the storm prepared ;
But when the milder beams of Mercy play,
He melts and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)

As harbingers before the Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had change'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fleg'd offspring to the skies :
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd
The rev'rend champion stood : At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church adorn'd with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Ee'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settle on its head.

THE MINISTER OF LOVE.

BULWER.

O'er the mount and through the moor
Glide the Christian's steps secure ;
Day and night, no fear he knows ;
Lonely, but with God, he goes :
For the coat of mail, bedight
In his spotless robe of white ;
For the sinful sword, his hand
Bearing high the olive-wand.
Through the camp, and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove
Speeds the minister of love ;
By a word the wildest tames
And the world to God reclaims ;
War, and wrath, and famine cease,
Hushed around his path of peace.

THE CHILD'S VISION.

The idea in the following lines, we are told, was really expressed by a little boy five years old :

Oh ! I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All around about my bed ;
I will close my eyes and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him ;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in Heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone.

Oh ! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain.

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.
And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree
This sultry summer day.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BULFINCH.

O rock-bound Isle of Albion !
A lofty fame is thine,
And o'er the world the glory beams
Of the old Saxon line ;
Won through successive ages
By deeds on land and main,
By calm-reflecting sages
And bards of magic strain.

But not a name, O Britain !
Is thine of loftier worth
Than his who from his pleasant home
At mercy's call went forth,
Lured by no hopes of glory,
Ambition's path to tread,
Yet lives his name in story,
The noblest of thy dead.

Through many a blooming region
The traveller held his way ;
But not for all their loveliness
Did he his course delay.

From gay Parisian pleasures,
Italian art and grace,
He turned to find his treasures
In misery's dwelling-place.

The dungeon of the felon,
By all mankind abhorred,
Drew to its vault of wretchedness
The servant of the Lord.
He passed o'er land and ocean,
In suffering's fearful quest,
While every kind emotion
Burned in his dauntless breast.

Where raged the fatal fever.
In the dismal quarantine,
He, in the cause of God and man,
Unveiled the fearful scene ;
The mortal danger braving
Of each polluted cell,
From woe the prisoner saving,
He triumphed though he fell.

O God, who to his spirit
Didst give that lofty will,
Through pain, and toil, and banishment,
His mission to fulfil,—
Like him supreme in kindness,
Who came on earth to save,
To lighten human blindness,
To ransom from the grave !—

Grant, Lord, to us thy children
A soul of zeal and faith,

With holy Love's prevailing power
To labor unto death ;
To soften human sorrow,
To calm the trembler's fear,
And point a holier morrow
In thy celestial sphere.

SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH
FRY.

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

" In prison and ye visited me."
Throughout all earth, adown all coming time,
Where e'er the Gospel's promises are heard,
There shall the human heart be thrilled and stirred
By the remembrance of a love sublime,
That, blotting out long years of grief and crime,
Forever glorified one woman's name.
Friend of the prisoner ! shall not thy sweet fame ;
Like that of Mary, reach to every clime ?
It was not thine to pour rich perfumes down
Before the very presence of thy Lord ;
But, in the poor, the outcast and abhorred,
Shrinking beneath the world's unpitying frown,
Thou didst the image of thy Savior see :—
Shall not he say, " thou didst it unto me ?"

ANOTHER.

Angel of mercy ! wherever she went,
Calling, like Peter, on men to repent.

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

WHITTIER.

Mary G——, aged 18, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance on the sick.

"Bring out your dead!" the midnight street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet;
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,
Her coffin and her pall;
"What! only one!" the brutal hackman said,
As, with an oath he spurn'd away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As roll'd the dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!
Onward it rolled; while oft the driver stayed,
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho! bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial place:
"Toss in your load!" and it was done.
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one—
Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the churchyard dust.

And thou, young martyr! thou wast there:
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,

Giving thee to thy God ;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave !

Yet, gentle sufferer, there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own Love was kindled well,
Enduring, with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words can tell ;
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone !

Where manly hearts were failing, where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O, high-soul'd martyr ! thou wast there,
Inhaling from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath :
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
From the wrung dying and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering humankind,
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven !
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given ;
And the o'erhovering spoiler wore, the while,
An angel's features, a deliverer's smile !

A blessed task ! and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Ere being's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow—,
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward,
Thine is a treasure far more dear ;
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear,
Of living mortal heard
The joys prepared, the promised bliss above,
The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The Earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be,
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy—
These have but frail and fading honors : thine
Shall time unto eternity consign.

Yea : and when thrones shall crumble dour
And human pride and granduer fall—

The herald's pride of long renown,
The mitre and the kingly-crown—
Perishing glories all !
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in heaven, of which it was a part !

BISHOP WHITE.

The white-haired warder 's gone,
Whom Zion trusted most :
Who had marshalled at the chill gray morn
Her sacramental host :
The Master came when the day was worn—
He was watching at his post.
He stood on Salem's walls,
With spirit of lofty trust,
When her children turned from her festivals,
And her shrines were in the dust :
For he bounded forth at her stirring calls,
The foremost and the first.
The noon-tide sun streamed out,
With its fiercest, fullest glare—
As in that twilight of gloom and doubt,
The warder still was there :
And his deep response to the victor shout,
Was a stream of grateful prayer.
Then the deeper shadows fell,
And the hymn of joy rose wild,
And the banners waved on the breeze's swell,
From turrets to heaven piled :
Yet the soul which sorrow could not quell,
Was tranquil, and meek, and mild.

One prayer for Zion's rest—
 For the mitred brotherhood—
 The prelates his gentle hand had blessed,
 In the faith of the holy rood :
 Then on to his master's home he pressed,
 That patriarch wise and good.
 No steeds of glowing flame,
 No fiery chariots driven,
 Caught up from earth his mortal frame,
 But the faithful prayers were given,
 That up from an hundred temples came—
 These winged his soul to heaven.
 The Sabbath sunbeams shone,
 When his mild meek eye grew dim ;
 When he passed without a groan,
 To the Sainted Seraphim :
 And Zion weeps for herself alone—
 She may not weep for him !

WINSLOW.

Heroes are martyrs, if their minds be pure
 And highly temper'd ; for, the truth is strange—
 To men who only by their bodies live,
 And to the pageantries and powers of sense
 External yield their sympathies alone ;
 Or, never down themselves, presume to plunge
 A gaze reflective :—so, when prophets rise,
 And utter oracles from deeps of life
 Hidden, and heavenly, from the flesh remote,—
 To them they sound like necromantic tones ;
 Eye, ear, and taste, compose their All in All :
 And though around, within, above them moves,
 And lives an energizing Power Supreme,
 Whose vesture is that visible they love,
 They give no credence save to flesh, and form.

Yet, what is genius, but a mouth for God
 To speak Himself to Nature, and to Man,
 And from the visible and vain of sense
 To guide us to That spiritually vast,
 Which underneath external semblance lies?
 There faith's reality alone is found,
 Since all expression which the outward bears,
 Is but a token of God's inner truth
 And purpose. Thus, beneath a typic veil
 The Infinite his awful presence hides,
 His thought embodies or reflects His power.

TO THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

Band of young apostles,
 Teaching love and truth,
 Ye are come before us,
 In your glorious youth;
 Like a choir of angels,
 Missioned from above,
 To make our souls acknowledge
 How beautiful is love!
 Taint of earth I see not
 In your clear eyes shine
 You to me resemble
 Natures all divine;
 Pure, seraphic creatures,
 From some higher sphere,
 Who, but for love and pity,
 Never had been here,
 Who, but for human fellowship, had never shed a tear!

Band of young apostles!
 Such to me ye seem,
 As I list your singing,
 9 * In a rapturous dream;

u, ye young and true

THE TRUE REFORMER.

J. A. SWAN.

Then the TRUE REFORMER cometh,
 Armed with LOVE and holy zeal,
 With a soul as broad and beauteous
 As the truths it doth reveal.
 Born perchance in some low cottage,
 Named not on the princely roll,
 Yet with higher arms emblazoned,—
 The nobility of soul !

Cometh like some ancient prophet,
 With a mission to fulfil ;
 To renew the broken charter
 Granted on the Holy Hill ;
 Nor on gold or marble tablets
 Marking with the graver's pen,
 But with LOVE's sweet Iris-pencil
 On the selfish hearts of men.

Comes to waken life's true spirit,
 Whose broad wings have long been furled,
 To unfold the Sphinx-enigma,
 Solve the problem of the world ;
 Comes the great Soul meek and lowly,
 With a bosom filled with ruth,
 Mounts the world's observatory,
 Takes the telescope of Truth.

Gazes long and gazes deeply
 On the fold of human hearts ;
 Sees the herd of spirits standing

Idly in the crowded marts ;
Draws the world as with a magnet
To the power of his high thought,
As from some high hill man's vision
Sees the landscape 'neath him wrought.

And he reads its sad condition
With a deep prophetic eye,
But his heart is nothing daunted—
He will yet strive manfully,
To consume the golden idols
Molten in some heathen name,
Bid Religion's fame rise upward
Like a phoenix from the flame.

Then he mingles with the people,
Gathered in fanatic strife,
And unfolds them holy lessons
In the market-place of life :
Lessons not of distant ages,
Improvised with cunning art,
But from volumes of the present,
Written on the grateful heart.

And he reads the gaudy garments
Wrought with tinselry uncouth,
Which enfold Religion's tempter,
And conceal her simple truth ;
Strives to raise the sacred altar,
Shunned and hastening to decay,
For men think to build them Babels,
And escape another way.

But his toil is long and lonely,
Wronged, yet seeking no redress,

He stands alone like John the Baptist
 Praying in the wilderness ;
 Now they scorn him at the altar,
 Smite upon his tearful cheek,
 Doubting if a heaven sent prophet
 Could so humble be and meek.

Wag their tongues in bitter mocking,
 Murmur like the angry seas ;
 " And those wiser than our fathers ?
 Words they would not teach like these.
 But he turns him from their mocking,
 And forgives their ribaldry ;
 For he thinks of Him who sorrowed
 Lowly in Gethsemane.

Unsubdued, all day he toileth,
 Bowed by none of human fears,
 But at night, alone, in secret,
 From his eyes drop bloody tears :
 Thus he lives and thus he labors,
 Struggling with life's ocean wave ;
 And for him there is no slumber,
 Till he reach the silent grave.

Like the old and stricken year, he
 Goeth down the vale of Time ;
 And the winds of life's sad winter
 Ring his sad funereal chime ;
 Lowly on the bier he lieth,
 Borne along the crowded street,
 And men gaze on him with wonder
 That his slumber is so sweet.

Then they think how calm and meekly
Sorrow's heavy load he bore ;
Then they do no more revile him,
For his great heart beats no more ;
And from pity, Love is kindled,
Love unknown, unfelt till now—
For they cannot mingle hatred
With the death-dew on his brow.

And the words he taught while living
Seem more holy and sublime ;
Up they rise like dreams commissioned
From some higher, holier clime ;
Or like strains of earnest music
Heard a little while ago,
Growing softer in the distance,
Sweeter as the moments grow.

And the school boy in his ramble
Turns from that lone grave aside,
Fearing to disturb the Master
Whom in life the world denied ;
O'er his head they build vast temples,
Telling to the passer by
Where the ashes of the prophet
In their silent slumber lie.

THE POET'S MISSION.

ANONYMOUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the poet can be wise,

Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
 And buried love to second life arise ;
 Again his love must lose through too much love,
 Must lose his life by living life too true ;
 For what he sought below is passed above,
 Already done is all that he would do ;
 Must tune all being with his single lyre,
 Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
 Must search all nature with his own soul's fire,
 Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
 If he already sees what he must do,
 Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

A WELCOME FOR ELIHU BURRITT

H. G. ADAMS.

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can ;
 And he looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man,
Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Up, toiling fellow-countrymen !
 The good ship nears the strand,
 That bears a true and honest man
 From the far western land ;
 Up, up and give him welcome !
 No hats off and no cheers,
 But meet him as a friend meets friend,
 After a lapse of years,
 With nervous graspings of the hand,

And glances full of love,
And joyous words, and smiles as bright
As sun-bursts from above.

What though your cheeks be sun-embrowned,
Your hands grown hard with toil;
Think ye he'll not return the grasp,
And render smile for smile?
What though your speech be rude, and ye
Of knowledge have small store;
While he hath mastered many tongues,
And deeply drank of lore;
Will he disdainful turn away,
And scorn his fellow-men?
Oh, no! 'tis such as you he loves,
Up, up, and greet him, then!

He cometh not as monarchs come,
In pomp, and pride, and state;
He cometh not as heroes come,
With deeds of blood elate;
He wears no kingly crown, and yet
In truth, a king is he—
A mighty one—in realms of mind
He hath a sovereignty;
He bears no sword, no laurel wreath,
Yet who like he hath fought,
And difficulties overcome,
And deeds of greatness wrought!

He sends his messengers before,
The blessed words of peace,
To bid all strifes and jealousies,
And vain contentions cease;

LOVING REFORMERS.

109

His "olive leaves" are scattered round,
And borne on every gale ;
Oh, may the lessons there impressed
O'er human hearts prevail !
Then up, my fellow-countrymen,
And greet this working man,
This pioneer in life's great march,
And leader of the van.

SILENT WORSHIP.

The morning was a summer one—the boughs
Of the green trees were lifted in the wind,
The soft south wind, that wandered over earth,
Touching the long grass and the quiet streams
With a light wing, as fearing to disturb
The sanctity of worship.

One by one
The multitude had gathered, in the deep
And bowing sense of man's unworthiness.
Slowly and quietly they came—the young,
And the gray man—the modest glancing girl
And the staid gravity of riper years,
Like noiseless shadows, stealing to their seats
As the last footstep passed away, the breeze,
With its light tones, was audible alone,
Stirring the willows which o'erhung the dead,
And whispering to the grave stones.

Motionless,
 That congregation worshipped. Silence lay
 Like a strange presence on the very heart,
 Which, gathering nothing from the outward world,
 Of sight, or sound, or anything which makes
 Man's sacrifice a mockery, had turned
 Deeply upon itself. The human heart
 Hath a most complex fashioning. The ties
 Which bind it to the circumstance of earth,
 And its strange yearnings for a happiness,
 Drawn from material mockeries, are strong
 As the soul's master-passion. It would gain
 Its elements of happiness and love
 From natural creations, and contrive
 To blend the heartless vanities of man
 With the pure fountain of religious truth.

* * * * *

Human pride

And vanity are things to be cast off
 As an unseemly garment, from the heart
 That boweth unto God, and giveth up
 Its stubborn will and earthward tendencies,
 For the mild teachings and deep solaces
 Of the all-quickenning Spirit: and the light
 Which cometh unto all—a living beam—
 An emanation from the Eternal Mind,
 Hath a more blessed influence on the heart
 That turneth from the world, and gathers in
 Its wandering affections, and subdues
 Its vehemence of passion, and in meek
 And chastened reverence, awaits the time
 Of Him, who bids the worshipper be still,
 And know that He is God."

Be thou like the first apostles—
 Be thou like heroic Paul :
 If a true thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly ! speak it all !

GALLACHER.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

Two mighty principles, dividing ever,
 Combating fiercely, yet destroying never
 From First till Now,—from Now to last Forever.

In the invisible Kingdoms of the sky,
 In the great movement of Humanity,
 In each free mind two Principles rage high :

One is the holy Love for all great Good
 That raiseth us unto that gentle mood
 With which the holy Angels are imbued.

The other is the hate of all great Good,
 That sinketh us into that fearful mood
 With which the lower Demons are imbued.

It is the attractive and repulsive force
 That guides the whirling planets in their course,
 Or sends them shivering through the Universe.

One unto pure deeds guides the Nations far,
 The other, shouting in his rampant car,
 Hurls fierce the fiery thunderbolts of War.

Like the invisible warriors fierce and bold,
That fought for Sovereignty of Heaven of old,
These through the Universe their flags unfold.

Success in mortal eyes oft gilds the Wrong,
And fiends triumphant win the shout and song
That to the Holy Ones should e'er belong.

O it is fearful without Purpose high,
To stand between these Warriors of the sky ;
'T is fearful thus to stand, to yield or fly.

If firm in one great purpose to the end,
Thou shalt not lose, though all else tamely bend ;
Thy path thou canst triumphantly defend.

LOVE MIGHTIEST WITH THE MIGHTIEST.

ANONYMOUS.

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence
Reserved to conquer man when others fail.
Reason he parries, fear he fronts with blows ;
All future joys he meets with present pleasures ;
But Love, that sun beneath whose melting beams
Fierce winter smiles transformed and yields his reign ;
That soft subduing slumber which hath power
To wrestle down the giant ; there is not
One creature in a million, there are not
A thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion,
Whose cold clay heart 's hardened against Love.

THE REIGN OF LOVE.

ALONZO LEWIS.

In this conflicting world the human soul
Must look to Love as to its highest goal.
Could Love prevail, would evil passions reign?
Would anger stamp anew the mark of Cain?
Would the lone widow mourn her traitor friend,
Or the wrong'd orphan's curse to heaven ascend?
Would half mankind in wealth and splendor reign,
And all the rest know deprivation's pain?
Would one proud woman flaunt in wealth's array,
And others toil for half a dime a day?
Would men endowed with no peculiar worth,
Hold thousand acres of this barren earth,
Where thousand souls abundance might produce,
Yet live and die deprived its rightful use?
Would one proud prelate in his splendid den
Hive wealth enough to bless a thousand men,
While priests and people of our common Lord
Repine and suffer for the useless hoard?
Would costly steeples mock the holy sky,
And souls within their shadows starving lie?
Did men in rules of love and order stand,
Would court-houses and jails deface our land?
Would men with locks and safes conceal their store,
And dread to sleep without a bolted door?
Were love supreme, would jarring nations call
The iron tube, the pyramid of ball?
Would wasted fields be fertilized with gore
To make a hero of some wretch once more?
Would people vainly boast of being free,
Yet rob a million souls of liberty?

No—let mankind out once their rights assert,
 And Love's strong power these evils may avert.
 The vengeful blade has long been tried in vain,
 In vain its use may be assumed again.
 The evil politic is still the same,
 The ill remains with only change of name ;
 One party sinks, another takes its place,
 And change eternal crowns the civic race.
 Love only can to man his rights restore,
 His joys insure and bid him grieve no more.
 But it must not be that mistaken love,
 Which daringly usurps the rights above ;
 Which boldly claims to use Heaven's chastening rod,
 And hangs and kills, and all for love of God.

 IN TIMES LIKE OURS.

JANE TAYLOR.

In times like ours, 'twere wise if people would
 Well scrutinize their zeal for doing good.
 A few plain questions might suffice, to prove
 What flows from party—what from Christian love.

Our prayers are heard—some Musselman, at last,
 Forsakes his prophet—some Hindoo his caste :
 Accepts a Savior, and avows the choice ;—
 How glad we are, how much our hearts rejoice !
 The news is told and echoed, till the tale
 Howe'er reviving, almost waxes stale.
 —A second convert Gospel grace allures—
 O, but this time he was not ours but yours ;

It came to pass we know not when or how ;
—Well, are we quite as glad and thankful now ?
Or can we scarce the rising wish suppress,
That we were honored with the whole success ?

There is an Eye that marks the wars of men,
With strict impartial, analyzing ken ;
Our motely creeds, our crude opinions, lie
All, all unveiled to that omniscient eye.
He sees the softest shades by error thrown,
Marks where His truth is left to shine alone ;
Decides with most exact, unerring skill,
Wherein we differ from His word and will.
No specious names nor reasonings to His view,
The false can varnish, or deform the true ;
Nor vain excuses e'er avail to plead,
The right of theory for the wrong of deed.
Before that unembarrassed, just survey,
What heaps of refuse must be swept away !
How must its search from every creed remove
All but the golden grains of truth and love :
Yet, with compassion for our feeble powers !
For oh ! His thoughts and ways are not as ours !

FAITH IN HUMANITY.

TUPPER.

Confidence in man, even to the worst and meanest,
Hath power to overcome his ill, by charitable good.
Fling thine unreserving trust even on the conscience of a
culprit,

Soon wilt thou shame him by thy faith, and he will melt
and mend :
The nest of thieves will harm thee not, if thou dost bare
thee boldly ;
Boldly, yea and kindly, as relying on their honor :
For the hand so stout against aggression, is quite dis-
armed by charity ;
And that warm sun will thaw the heart casehardened by
long frost.
Treat men gently, trust them strongly, if thou wish their
weal ;
Or cautious doubts, and bitter thoughts will tempt the
best to foil thee.
Believe thee well in sanguine hope, and thou shalt reap
the better ;
But if thou deal with men so ill, thy dealings make them
worse.
Despair not of some gleams of good still lingering in the
darkest,
And among vetrans in crime, plead thou as with their
children :
So astonished at humanities, the bad heart long estranged,
Shall even weep to feel himself so little worth thy love :
In wholesome sorrow will he bless thee ; yea and in that
spirit may repent ;
Thus, wilt thou gain a soul in mercy given to thy faith.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

FRENCH.

Pour forth the oil,—pour boldly forth ;
It will not fail, until

Thou fairest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at anytime thou cease,
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

LOVE OF ALL THINGS.

(On reading Wordsworth's Sonnets in defence of Capital
Punishment.)

LOWELL.

The love of all things springs from love of one ;
Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
And over it with fuller glory flows
The sky-like spirit of God ; a hope begun
In doubt and darkness neath a fairer sun
Cometh to fruitage, if it be of Truth ;
And to the law of meekness, faith and truth,
By inward sympathy, shall all be won :
This thou shouldst know, who from the painted feature

Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy brethren turn
Unto the love of ever youthful nature,
And of a beauty fadeless and eternal ;
And always 'tis the saddest sight to see
An old man faithless in Humanity.

THE BALM OF SPEECH.

ANONYMOUS.

The hum of insects, as they throng
The summer sunbeam's glorious way ;
The soaring skylark's early song ;
The nightingale's mellifluous lay ;—

The murmur of the peaceful wave ;
The valley breezes, gently sighing,
The wind's wild voice in mountain cave ;
And Echo from her cell replying ;—

The soft Æolian lyre, whose notes
Upon the lonely muser rise ;
The church-bell's hallowed tone, that floats
Like music from the distant skies ;—

Could never make my spirit feel
So rapt above this lower sphere,
As when Affection's accents steal,
All musical upon mine ear.

The harmonies of mortal art,
And e'en of nature's varied strain,
Ne'er touch, as when another's heart
Reveals in words our own again.

O ! may the melody of speech
Sing to me, while on earth I rove ;
And may the last faint tones that reach
My dying ear be those of Love !

MERCIFUL TREATMENT OF OFFENDERS.

DULFINCH.

“Go, and sin no more.”—JESUS.

Benignant Savior ! 'twas not thine
To spurn the erring from thy sight,
Nor did thy smile of love divine,
Turn from the penitent its light.

Oh then, shall we, who own thy name,
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think thy holy law can blame
The tear to sin's deep suffering due ?

May we while human guilt awakes .
Upon our cheek the indignant glow,
Yet spare the offender's heart, that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.

Conscious of frailty, may we bend
In pity to affliction's prayer,
And strive the suppliant to defend
From further sin, or dark despair

And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
Lord let thy sparing mercy say,
Like Jesus, “Go, and sin no more.”

PHILANTHROPIC LOVE
KINDNESS.

ANONYMOUS.

By those who live in bonds of love,
Let kindly words be spoken ;
For one cold look, one reckless word,
And soon the charm is broken.

But kindness hath the magic power
To tame the breast of madness ;
To calm the angry, vengeful mind,
And cheer the heart of sadness.

The care-worn stranger on whose path
There dawns no bright to-morrow,
In memory dear will hold the name
Of him who shares his sorrow.

The hardened sons of guilt and shame,
That in dark dungeons languish,
Are melted by the friendly voice,
That soothes their untold anguish.

And those who give the stern reproof,
May well be charged with blindness ;
One timely word might save from sin,
If spoken in love and kindness.

How sweet the thought of absent friends,
That o'er the heart comes stealing,
When nought but love and peace are seen,
In all its true revealing.

When cherished friends are snatched away.
By death's relentless finger,

Why should one cause for self-reproach
On faithful conscience linger ?

In love the law is all fulfill'd,
Love was the Savior's mission ;
And in His steps we all must tread,
If we would gain His blessing.

Who does not feel that in the hour
When life's last joys are flying,
Remember'd deeds of kindness done
Will ease the thought of dying.

I WAS SICK AND IN PRISON.

JONES VERY.

Thou hast not left the rough-barked tree to grow
Without a mate upon the river's bank ;
Nor dost Thou on one flower the rain bestow,
But many a cup the glittering drops has drank :
The bird must sing to one who sings again,
Else would her note less welcome be to hear ;
Nor hast Thou bid thy word descend in vain,
But soon some answering voice shall reach my ear :
Then shall the brotherhood of peace begin,
And the new song be raised that never dies,
That shall thy soul from death and darkness win,
And burst the prison where the captive lies ;
And one by one new-born shall join the strain,
Till earth restores her sons to heaven again.

FORGIVENESS.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"They met a party of men and women, carrying a sick chief over the mountains who was evidently dying. It was affecting to see him stretch forth his hand to them as they passed, as if desiring to be friends with all before he died."—Wilkes' Exploring Expedition.

While gaily leaps the pulse of life
We may our erring brother spurn,—
And, careless, fan the coals of strife,
And bid revenge and anger burn.

Forgetful that the lot to sin
Is common as to live and die,—
And, won by love that we should win
By kindly word and gentle eye.

That much of pain to fellow man
We may by due reflection spare,
If, lifting from his heart the ban,
We search our own and lay it there.

We'd bury all his faults in love
And put unworthy scorn to flight,
Did we but think, an Eye above
Sets ours in its transparent light.

And that we ask on bended knee
That our offences may not live,
With Reason and Religion's plea :
"For others, also, we forgive."

Yet when disease the sense appals.
And strength and beauty waste away,
And sullen pain its victim calls,
And joy, and hope, and life decay—

Forgiveness needing at the door
To which our trembling footsteps tend,
We charge our pride to swell no more,
And every foe becomes a friend.

HUMAN DUTIES.

MRS. L. J. B. CASE

Speak kindly, oh, speak soothingly
To him whose hopes are crossed,
Whose blessed trust in human love
Was early, early lost.
For wearily—how wearily !
Drags life if love depart ;
Oh, let the balm of gentle words
Fall on the smitten heart !

Go gladly, with true sympathy,
Where want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
Along their pathway shine.
Oh, heavily doth poverty
Man's nobler instincts bind,
Yet sever not that chain to cast
A sadder on the mind.

Go firmly, where all fatally,
Sin's baleful splendor gleams,
And from its blinded votaries chase
Their bright, delirious dreams ;
As gaily, and as thoughtlessly ,
They dance upon the verge
Of a tremendous gulf, whose wave
Sounds hope's most fearful dirge.

Go tenderly, go lovingly,
To the dens of dark despair,
Where days, and nights of wild remorse
Are all the mind can bear ;
And kindly, but yet faithfully,
Truth's holy counsels give,
And bid the wretched, moral dead
Be pure again and live.

Go gently, and go cheerfully,
To the saddened couch of pain,
And if the sufferer may not rise
To blessed life again,
Speak hopefully, speak trustfully,
Of another world on high,
Where mournful shadows from the tomb
Sweep not its glorious sky.

Go reverently, go prayerfully,
And kneel beside the bier
And tell the weeper that the soul
Hath not its life-goal here ;
Then gratefully, exultingly,
Point up where bright worlds roll,
And say yon sky may pass to death,
But not the human soul !

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

LANGHORNE.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
 Attend not now to sorrow's cry,
 If now the pity-streaming tear
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
 A tender, but a cheerful guest,
 Nor always in the gloomy cell
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
 For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow
 Is to Humanity a foe;—
 And grief that makes the heart its prey,
 Wears sensibility away.
 Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
 The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banished far,
 Though passions hold eternal war!
 Nor ever let me cease to know
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
 Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
 Nor may the tear that frequent flows
 From private or from social woes,
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
 Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
 Let not its flattering power beguile;
 Nor, borne along the favoring tide

My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent ;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door ;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpited pines in vain.

If heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies ;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven read,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destined to toil as well as pray ;
To thee, humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do ;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd ,
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps ;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity,
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid ;——

Or raised to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed !
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd— and forgot its power to save —
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow !

It comes : It fills my laboring breast,
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh ! hear that lonely widow's wail !
See her dim eye ! her aspect pale !
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears thy know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry,
O God ! their moving sorrows see !
Support them, Sweet Humanity !
Life fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love !
Heard you that agonizing throe ?
Sure this is not romantic woe !
The golden day of joy is o'er ;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free !
Assist them, sweet humanity ! .

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry ;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should hapily on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity !

KINDNESS TO THE PENITENT.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

Say, can the man whom Justice doomed to shame,
With front erect, his country's honors claim ?
Can he with cheek unblushing join the crowd,
Claim equal rights and have his claim allowed ?
What though he mourn, a penitent sincere ;
Though every dawn be ushered with a tear ;
The world, more prone to censure than forgive,
Quick to suspect, and tardy to believe,
Will still the hapless penitent despise,
And watch his conduct with invidious eyes ;
But the chief end of justice once achieved,
The public weal secured, a soul reprieved,
'Twere wise in laws, 'twere generous to provide
Some place where blushing penitence might hide ;
Yes 'twere humane, 'twere godlike to protect
Returning virtue from the world's neglect
And taunting scorn, which pierce with keener pains
The feeling mind, than dungeons, racks, and chains :
Enlarge their bounds ; admit a purer air ;
Dismiss the servile badge and scanty fare ;
The stint of labor lessen or suspend,
Admit at times the sympathizing friend.

HATE NOT THE SINNER.

CAROLINE F. ORNE.

" Does not God love him," asked the innocent child :
The stamp of guilt is on his brow,
Her seal is on him set,

Sin sits defiant in his eye,—
But oh! have patience yet.

Pity him for his fallen lot,
Weep that he sinks so low ;
Alas! how swift his erring feet,
Adown the broad path go !

Wait yet a little,—scorn him not,—
Thou dost not see the band
Of evil spirits tempting him,
Who in his pathway stand.

Rejoice with trembling,—that for thee
Has been a higher lot ;
Weep for thy guilty brother's sins,
Pity him,—hate him not.

God loveth all, he waiteth long,
He pities, he forgives,—
There's joy in Heaven, when from his guilt
A sinner turns and lives.

Hate not thy brother! Howe'er low
In evil ways he fall,
Pity him, -hate not any child
Of Him who loveth all.

KIND WORDS.

JONES VERY.

Turn not from him who asks of thee
A portion of thy store ;

Though thou canst give no charity,
Thou canst do what is more.

The balm of comfort thou canst pour
Into his grieving mind ;
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door
With many a word unkind.

Does any from the false world find
Naught but reproach and scorn ?
Does any, stung by words unkind,
Wish that he ne'er was born ?

Do thou raise up his drooping heart,
Restore his wounded mind ;
Though nought of wealth thou canst impart,
Yet still thou may'st be kind.

And oft again thy words shall wing
Backward their course to thee,
And in thy breast will prove a spring
Of pure felicity.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a finer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won,
Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ,
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but sold,
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
Highheartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty overlong,
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong,
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a freeborn heart slavelike to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind
What can 'ganst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allowed.

PHILANTHROPIC LOVE
MINISTERING ANGELS.

J. G. ADAMS.

Amid all our suffering and sin here below,
God's angels of mercy in readiness go ;
With heart full or hand full, on errands of grace,
The woe to relieve, and the sin to efface.
They linger in brightness round infancy's way,
In youth, and strong manhood, and all through life's day ;
Their joy-giving presence, so earnest and free,
Makes Heaven where the power of the demon would be.

God's angels ! not only on high do they sing,
And soar through our skies with invisible wing ;
But here, on the earth, where in wretchedness lie
Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die.
They come where Intemperance its victim hath bound,
And raise up the fallen, and strengthen him round
With the firm hands of love, and inspire him to raise
The voice and the vow of obedience and praise.

They visit the Poor, whatsoever their lot,
In street, or in cellar, lone cabin, or cot ;
God's bounty bestowing, in words of good cheer,
They bid the glad smile of assurance appear.
At the invalid's bed their prescriptions prevail,
And sickness and anguish no longer assail ;
On the chain of the captive their ready hands see,
That captive exults in the song of the free !

They come in their mercy and power to dispel
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell,
In love's name to say to the stricken one there,



THE HYPERBIC LOVE
MINISTERING ANGELS

J. N. STARR

And all our suffering and our love below,
Ours angels of mercy in multitude go
With words full as loud full as sounds of praise,
They rise to witness, and the good to raise.
They linger in brightness round history's way,
In youth, and among nations, and all through new day;
Their purifying presence, no sunset and here,
Where heaven above the power of the demon made clear.

Our angels! our ally on high as they sing,
And our through our skin with invisible wing;
For here, on the earth, where he ministered for
In his mission children in strength and fire,
They stand where incarnation as nothing hath found,
And rose up the fallen, and strengthen his hand
With the firm hands of love, and longer him to raise
The voice and the way of darkness and praise.

They visit the Poor, whomsoever their lot,
In street or in cellar, low down, or not;
With honey bestowing, in words of good cheer,
And the glad smile of untroubled cheer,
In all their ways and their prescriptions given,
All wisdom and wisdom no longer small;
On the earth of the captive their ready hands,
That speak of grace in the song of the free!



That God still hath ear, and an answer to prayer.
 And strong grows the heart of the outcast—and soon
 In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams of noon ;
 The resolve and the faith of the sinner forgiven,
 Send him back to the world with a heart seeking heaven.

God's angels ! Love speed them o'er earth's wide domain !
 New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain ;
 Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire,
 And humanity's groans in her praises expire.
 For the promise of truth—though the doubting deny—
 Is, that Love shall prevail in the earth as on high ;
 Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,
 With the angels above, or the angels below.

CHEER YE EACH OTHER

ANONYMOUS.

Cheer ye each other with words,
 Of mild and of pleasing intent,
 To strengthen the loosening chords
 Of life with delight and content ;
 The smile of thy sister recall—
 Relieve then thy brother's alloy :
 Be loving, and throw over all
 Thy sweetest emotions of joy

Yes, cheer one another along,
 In paths ye delight to pursue—
 A word to dishearten is wrong,
 To those who are striving to do.

A breath is the pinion of thought,
And thought is the breath of the soul,
And spirit by spirit is taught
With good or with evil control.

Speak cheeringly unto the sad,
The wounded in heart and the poor—
A word of affection is glad,
And helpeth the wrong to endure.
Disturb not the hope of thy friend,
If sorrow it maketh to flee,
But keep up the dream to the end—
In joy let its spirit go free.

Deal gently with others that err—
'Tis mercy that saveth the lost,
And all that thy love may confer
Can never God's bounty exhaust.
Oh! cheer one another along,
And joy and affection impart—
Unkindness of spirit is wrong,
But blessed the cheerful of heart.

Each life is a link in the chain
Of kindred humanity's race,
And sympathy softens the pain,
And helpeth to bear it with grace.
Then cheer one another in gloom,
Since cheerfulness brighteneth care:
'Tis a short narrow road to the tomb—
Oh! cheer one another till there!

SPEAK NOT AGAINST THY FELLOW-MAN.

ANONYMOUS.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Whate'er his lot may be ;
But kindly all his actions scan,
In heartfelt charity.
Thou art thyself an erring one,
And prone, like him, to stray ;
Thy wayward feet, like his, may shun
The straight and narrow way.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Of high or lowly birth ;
If virtue crown his fleeting span,
He is a star on earth :
His life may shed a radiant gleam
Of light around thy way,
Which evermore may gladly beam,
Till life's declining day.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Nor grieve his trusting heart ;
Sustain his swiftly waning span,
Nor let thy love depart.
'Tis hard, indeed, the soul's deep love
Should unrequited be ;
The voice of friendship e'er should move
An answering tone from thee.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Thy heart, as his, may know
The withering scorn of those who scan,
A brother's faults to show ;

Be thou a light in this dark vale,
This wilderness of tears,
Thy heart a spring which ne'er may fail
To cheer thy brother's years.

HUMANITY HOPEFUL AND LOVING AMID
THE WORLD'S CRUELTY AND SCORN.

CAMPBELL.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
You friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world and left without a home—
Ee'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way
Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen
The blossomed beanfield, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine !
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

ANNA C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years ago
Was that deed of darkness done ;
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives.
When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart ;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
With his small Disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom ;
When the man, the human love,
12 *

And the God within him strove,
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept ;
While for them He wept and prayed,
One denied, and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep.
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race,
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

I never did the right,
Without a sweet reward
Of inward music and celestial light,
In beautiful accord.

MACKAY.

LOVE HER STILL!

T. WESTWOOD.

Love her still!

She hath fallen very low,
Thou, who knew'st her long ago,
Little, little cans't thou see
Of her girlhood's purity?
But, though Sin hath left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all hath fled,
And life's shame is her's instead,

Love her still!

Love her! let no harsh, cold word,
Man, from lips of thine be heard;
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thou her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world-forsaken one.

Love her still!

Love her! let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshened leaf and straightened stem;
Sunshine oft doth give again
Bloom, the bitter storm hath ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers,

May be found as dear a boon
As God's blessed rain and sun,
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too.
Love her still !

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
From the wrong and misery,
To the better paths where Peace
Waiteth her, with sweet release
From life's heart-ache ; so once more
In her breast the hope of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope
That with earthly loss doth cope,
Earthly sin and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued Soul is given
With its treasure unto Heaven.
Oh ! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this.
Loving friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale, sad face—what time,
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall know the while ye pray,
To His angels God doth say,
Love her still.

A PICTURE.

JULIA A. FLETCHER.

I saw a man of fearful crime
With hurrid step pass by,
As if from guilt's enslaving power
He vainly sought to fly:
It dwelt upon his haggard brow,
And in his gleaming eye.

And then I asked, can he be saved
From passion's fearful sway?
Can his dark pathway be illumed
By virtue's pleasant ray?
But then with bounding step flew past,
A merry child at play.

Thus met they then—that man of guilt—
That child who knew no wrong—
And with a cry of glad surprise
He hushed his bird-like song;
“Oh, father! I am glad you're come,
You have been gone so long.”

Tears! holy tears! From guilt-scaled founts
Gushed many a cleansing rill,
And then I knew that dark browed man
Might yet be won from ill.
He still had one whom he could love,
Had one to love him still.

LOVE TO THE CRIMINAL.

WHITTIER.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!

That man is holier than a creed,—that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.

The beautiful lesson which our Savior taught
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart
And of the public faith become a living part.

IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER.

HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee :
But if upon a troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing :
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh ! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever !

The HEART is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee ;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee ;
And like the strain of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered :—
Gently, oh ! gently touch the chords ;
So soon forever shattered !

SPEAK gently !—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell !

GENTLE WORDS

C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea ;
But Gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone !

The Sun may warm the Grass to life,
The Dew the drooping Flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the Dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And Gold or Gems are not the things
To satisfy the Heart ;
But oh ! If those who cluster 'round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth !

Young poet ! if thy dreams have not such hope
To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
To touch the selfish and to shame the vain
Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
Lofty and pure, and meant for general good ;

If thou hast not some power that may direct
The mind from the mean round of daily life,
Waking affections that might else have slept,
Or high resolves, the petrified before,
Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
Of inward and external loveliness,
Making imagination serve as guide
To all of heaven that yet remains on earth,
Thine is a useless lute : break it and die.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

When streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare,
“I now can forgive and forget.”

But if the bad spirit is chased from the heart
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped ;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget ? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live ;

Then how shall it be ? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burr,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

O hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art :
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt !
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget !

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue :
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now Mercy and Justice are met ;
O who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget !

Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend ;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend ;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that once bitter to penitence turn,
And whisper “ Forgive and forget.”

SPURN NOT THE GUILTY.

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Spurn not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon him rest—
Upon whose brow the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are prest !
Spurn not the lost one, nor, in speech
More cold and withering than despair,
Of stearn, relentless vengeance preach—
For he thy lesson will not bear !

'Twill rouse a demon in his heart
Which vainly thou wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life, which ne'er may sleep again
No ! better from her forest-lair
The famished lioness to goad,
Than, in his guilt—remorse—despair
With wrathful threats the sinner load !

But if a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God,
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod—
Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own,
And by his side, a brother, stand
Till all the demon thou dethrone.

He is a man, and he will yield,
Like snows beneath the torrid ray,
And his strong heart, though fiercely steeled,
Before the breath of love give way.

He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek,
And at her knee at evening knelt
The prayer of innocence to speak !

A mother ! ay !—and who shall say,
Tho' sunk, debased, he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day
Which filled him at that mother's knee ?
No guilt so utter e'er became,
But 'mid it we some good might find ;
And virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Spurn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him, in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost-one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good !
Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall, as he ;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee !

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

MOORE.

Angel of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear !
When to the shrine of God were laid

First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope, and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky ;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die.
But long as Love, almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, Oh ! Charity, dwell above,
Smiling forever by his side !

SONNET.

ANNA C. LYNCH.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever placed
Within the poison-chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of Humanity,
And like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

SONNET.

ANONYMOUS.

Sweet as the cry of joy, or as the song
 Of tender birds—like the beloved tone
 Of one who loves us, loved by us alone—
 Such are the honied accents of thy tongue ;
 Like Orpheus' lyre, so eloquent, so strong :
 Such sounds the muse herself might not disown,
 So speaks harmonious her most favored son,
 And pours the rapturous tide of verse along.
 Oh ! if fond love should once that voice inspire,
 And breathe the mingling harmony of sighs,
 The soul of such rare music ne'er could tire,
 It speaks the ecstasy of Paradise,
 Sure then the sweetness might a mortal move,
 And win at once to more than mortal love.

 RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

FROM THE LATIN, BY COWPER.

Androcles, from his injur'd Lord in dread
 Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled.
 Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
 He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat.
 But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
 When hugest of his kind a lion came ;
 He 'oar'd approaching ; but the savage din

To plaintive murmurs chang'd, arriv'd within,
And with expressive looks his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw ;
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand ;
But bolder grown at length, inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought ; he wip'd the sanious flood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he *seeks* the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.
But thus to live—still lost, sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.
Home, native home !—Oh might he but repair !
He must, he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doomed to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre, unpitied stands !
When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And, softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet !

Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze ;
But why, ye Romans ! Whence your mute amaze ?
All this is natural,—Nature bade him rend
An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Poor singer hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter done thee harm ?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee and keep thee warm :
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feathered child,
And tell us all the pain and wrong,
When thou canst speak again in song.

Fear not nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even thou shouldst know ;
For kindness which the heart doth teach
Disdaineth all peculiar speech :

'Tis common to the bird and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night,—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by man or spirit sung !

But hark ! is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat,—
Faint—short—but weak and very clear,

And like a grateful note ?
Another ? ha—look where it lies,
It shivers—gasps—is still—it dies !

'Tis dead—'tis dead ! and all our care
Is useless. Now in vain
The mother's wo doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again !
All's vain :—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim—its fortune told !

LOVED ONCE.

MISS E. B. BARRETT.

I classed, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds ; the welladay,
The jarring yea and nay,
The face of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller ;—
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words—I loved ONCE.

And who saith, I loved ONCE ?
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
Love through eternity !
Who by To LOVE, do apprehend To BE.
Not God, called LOVE, his noble crown—name,—
casting
A light too broad for blasting !
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never. I love ONCE !

Nor ever the 'loved ONCE,'
Dost thou say, victim-Christ, misprized friend !
The cross and curse may rend ;
But having loved, Thou lovest to the end !
It is man's saying—man's ! Too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
With his No More, and once.

How say ye, ' we loved once,
Blasphemeres ? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow ?
Ah, friends ! and would ye wrong each other so ?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have
shone,
Such words, we loved them ONCE ?

Could ye, ' we loved her ONCE,'
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight ?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light ?
And when as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colors fade,
And all that is not love in me decayed !
Such words,—ye loved me ONCE ?

Could ye, ' we loved her once',
Say cold of me, when farther put away
In earth's sepulchral clay ?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day ?
Not so ! not then—least then ! when Life is shriven,
And Death's full joy is given,—

Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
Say not, 'we loved them once !

Say never, ye loved ONCE !
God is too near above, the grave, below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls, for saying so !
The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
Affection's light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved ONCE !

And yet that word of ONCE,
Is humanly acceptive ! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
'We ruled once,'—idiot tongues, 'We once bestead,'
Cripples once danced i' the vines—and bards approved
Were once by scornings moved !
But Love strikes one hour—LOVE. Those never
loved,
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

THE GRACES OF A GENUINE BARD.

BAILEY.

The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak,
He must believe the best of every thing ;
Love all below, and worship all above.
All animals are living hieroglyphs,
The dashing dog and stealthy-stepping cat,
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more

To the true eye than their shapes show ; for all
 Were made in love, and made to be beloved.
 Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,
 Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,
 As doth the bard whose habit is all kindness
 To every thing. Kindness is wisdom.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready ;
 Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me ;
 Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman !
 Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman !
 Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harmed not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never foreswore it ;
 Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden !
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen !
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never .
 Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
 Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party ;
 Let friendship give me the grasp that become her,
 Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a b. other ;
Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another ;
Soft palm, or hard hand, it matters not—never !
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

YOUR PURSE AND HEART.

GALLAGHER.

Open not your purse alone,
Its lucre to impart ;—
Of the two 'tis better far
You freely ope your heart.
That which wrings the bosom most,
Your money wont allay ;
Sympathy's the sun that turns
Its darkness into day.

For the body, if ye will,
Your bread and broth still dole ;
Love's the only nourishment
That satisfies the soul.
Gingling change like that ye give,
May please the baser part,
But kind and gentle words and looks
Alone can reach the heart.

Warmth's not all the poor demand,
Nor shelter, nor yet food :—
Ye who pause, bestowing these,
Withhold the greater good.
What they want, and what require
All things else above,
Is kindly interest in their fate,
And sympathy, and love.

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MINE AND OURS.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

Mine is the little hand, puny and weak,
 Ours are the thousand arms, mountains to break
 Mine is the atom of clay for the grave,
 Ours is the earth, with hill, valley and wave.
 Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
 Ours will arise to the heaven of God !
 Mine is the secret prayer, breathed low and lone,
 Ours is the organ of conquering tone ;
 Mine is the little flower nurtured in dearth,
 Ours are the blossoming Edens of Earth,
 Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
 Ours will arise to the heaven of God,
 Mine is the brain that, but gleams like a spark,
 Ours are the thoughts like stars lighting the dark,
 Mine is the heart that beats fearfully hurled,
 Ours are the heart throbs that gladden the world.
 Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
 Ours will arise to the heaven of God
 Mine is the hermit-life lone in its hours
 Ours are humanity's love, thoughts and powers,
 Mine, scarcely mine is this frame doomed to fall,
 Ours is our God common parent of all ;
 Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
 Ours will arise to the heaven of God.

LEIGH RICHMOND, being asked to write in an Album,
 if it were but two lines, wrote,

Can two lines teach a lesson from above ?
 Yes, *one* can give a *volume*,—"God is Love."

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

JOHNS.

Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains from the captive fall!
Sweet Mercy, melt the oppressor's heart,
Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let Charity unkindness drown,—
Christians are brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

CHRISTIAN COMMERCE.

COWPER.

The band of Commerce was designed
To, associate all the branches of mankind;
And, if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes.

Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use ;
No land but listens to the common call,
And, in return receives supply from all.
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else a universal shade,
Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenious art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;
Not only fills necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand :
Capricious taste itself can ask no more
Than she supplies from her abounding store ;
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
And gains new vigor at her endless task.
Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre ;
From her the canvass borrows light and shade ;
And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

ANONYMOUS.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries—
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;

With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes :
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill."

 " Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
 " Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host :
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
 I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
 His home on high."

 " Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
 " Not to myself alone from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come :
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
 A scanty share."

 " Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
 " Not to myself alone I raise the song :
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore ;
14 *

I call the worldling from his dross, to turn,
And sing and soar.;

“Not to myself alone,”
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
“Not to myself alone I sparkling glide :
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow’ret gay ;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune ;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In drougthy June.”

“Not to myself alone”
Oh man, forget not thou, earth’s honored priest !
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth’s great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at Love’s ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown ;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

LOVE IN THE MILLENIUM.

SINGING OF HER MISSION AND VICTORY.

D. K. LEE.

As a dove to her nest where the cold serpent coils
As a hart to the wild where the bold loin roareth,
I went forth to transgressors in many long toils,
And I spake to offenders the word that restorèth.

Where the cruel dealt stripes I took grief from the wound,
When contempt breathed her scorn, I had tears for the
lowly ; [ground.
When Revenge rallied fiends till they cumbered the
I transfigured them all into Seraphim holy !
I am shepherdess now of the spirits of men,
And my lambs crowd my way as I lead on before them:
They are coming from desert, from mountain and glen,
To receive the beatitude sent to reign o'er them !

PEACE.

DAY K. LEE.

The morn was dark, the day was drear,
And wailings filled the wind,
When came this gentle angel down
To dwell among mankind.
But darkness fled before her face,
And Hate and Strife gave o'er—
The world is ruled by Charity,
There will be war no more.

Kings waded to their thrones in blood,
And made of tears their cup,
And conquerors had their monuments
Of human hearts piled up.
But she gave all the people peace,
And wash'd away their gore ;—
The world is ruled by Charity,
There will be war no more.

In hateful conflict brothers fell,
And lovely women bled,
And children shrieked before their train,
And gasped beneath their tread.
The mourner's cry call down the Grace,
And now, from shore to shore,
The world is ruled by Charity,
There will be war no more.

THERE IS A LOVE.

MARY ANN BROWNE.

There is a love so fond, so true,
No art the magic tie can sever ;
'Tis ever beauteous, ever new ;—
Its chain once linked is linked forever.

There is a love, but passion's beam,—
Too fond, too warm, too bright to last,—
The phrensy of a fevered dream,
That burns a moment, then is past.

'Tis like the lightning's lurid glare,
That streams its blaze of fatal light,
Flames for an instant through the air,
Then sinks away in deepest night.

There is a love whose feeling rolls
In pure unruffled calmness on,—
The meeting of congenial souls,
Of hearts whose currents flow in one.

It is a blessing that is felt
But by united minds that flow,
As sunbeams into sunbeams melt
To light a frozen world below.

There is a love that o'er the war
Of jarring passions pours its light,
And sheds its influence like a star
That brightest burns in darkest night.

It is a love best known to those
Who hand in hand, amidst the strife
Together have withstood their foes,
Together shared the storms of life.

It is so true, so fixed, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath;
In the soul's flight 'tis borne along,
And holds the heart-strings e'en in death.

'Tis never quenched by sorrow's tide ;—
No, 'tis a flame caught from above,—
A tie that death cannot divide ;—
'Tis the bright torch of wedded love.

But there is one love, not of earth,
Though sullied by the streaming tear,
It is a star of heavenly birth,
And only shines unshaken there.

'Tis when this clay resigns its breath,
And the soul quits its frail abode,
That rising from the bed of death,
This love is pure—the love of God.

WM. PENN AND THE INDIANS.

MARY HOWITT.

"I will not compare our friendship to a chain ; for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it ; but I shall consider you as the same flesh and blood as the Christians ; and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

WM. PENN'S SPEECH TO THE INDIANS.

There was a stir in Pennsylvanian woods,
A gathering as the war-cry forth had gone ;
And, like the sudden gush of Autumn floods,
Stream'd from all points the warrior-tribes to one,
Ev'n in the farthest forest solitudes,
The hunter stopped the battle plume to don,
And turn'd with knife, with hatchet and with bow,
Back, as to bear them on a sudden foe.

Swiftly, but silently, each dusky chief
Sped 'neath the shadow of continuous trees ;
And files whose feet scarce stirr'd the trodden leaf ;
And infant-laden mothers, scorning ease ;
And childhood, whose small footsteps, light and brief,
Glanced through the forest, like a fluttering breeze,
Followed—a numerous, yet a silent band,—
As to some deed, high, fateful, and at hand.

But where the foe ? By the broad Delaware,
Where flung a shadowy eln its branches wide—
In peaceful garments, and with hands that bare
No sign of war,—a little band they spied.
Could these be whom they sought ? And did they fare
Forth from their deserts, in their martial pride,
Thus at their call ? They did. No trumpet's tongue
Had pierced their wild-woods with a voice so strong.

Who were they ? Simple pilgrims :—it may be,
Scarce less than outcasts from their native isles,—
From Britain,—birth-place of the great and free,
Where heavenly love threw round its brightest
smiles,

Then why depart ? O seeming mockery !

Were they not here, on this far shore, exiles,
Simply because, unawed by power or ban,
They worshipped God but would not bow to man ?

Oh ! Truth ! Immortal Truth ! on what wild ground

Still hast thou trod through this unspiritual sphere !
The strong, the brutish, and the vile surround

Thy presence, lest thy steaming glory cheer
The poor, the many, without price or bound.

Drowning thy voice, they fill the popular ear,
In thy high name, with canons, creeds, and laws,
Feigning to serve, that they may mar thy cause.

And the great multitude doth crouch, and bear

The burden of the selfish. That emprise,
That lofty spirit of virtue which can dare

To rend the bands of Error from all eyes ;
And from the freed soul pluck each sensual care,

To them is but a fable. Therefore lies
Darkness upon the mental desert still ;
And wolves devour, and robbers walk at will.

Yet, ever and anon, from thy bright quiver,

The flaming arrows of thy might are strown ;
And, rushing forth, thy dauntless children shiver

The strength of foes who press to near thy throne,
Then, like the sun, or thy Almighty Giver,

Thy light is through the startled nations shown :

What term we savage ! The untutored heart
Of Nature's child is but a slumbering fire ;
Prompt at each breath, or passing touch, to start
Into quick flame, as quickly to retire :
Ready alike, its pleasance to impart,
Or scorch the hand which rudely wakes its ire :
Demon or child, as impulse may impel ;
Warm in its love, but in its vengeance fell.

And these Columbian warriors to their strand
Had welcomed Europe's sons,—and rued it sore,
Men with smooth tongues, but rudely armed hand ;
Fabling of peace when meditating gore ;
Who, their foul deeds to veil, ceased not to brand
The Indian name on every Christian shore.
What wonder, on such heads, their fury's flame
Burst, till its terrors gloomed their fairer fame.

For they were not a brutish race, unknowing
Evil from good ; their fervent souls embraced
With virtue's proudest homage to o'erflowing
The mind's inviolate majesty. The past
To them was not a darkness ; but was glowing
With splendor which all time had not o'ercast ;
Streaming unbroken from creation's birth,
When God communed and walked with men on earth.

Stupid idolatry had never dimmed
The Almighty image in their lucid thought.
To him alone their jealous praise was hymned ;
And hoar Tradition, from her treasury, brought
Glimpses of far-off times, in which were limned
His awful glory : and their prophets taught

Precepts sublime,—a solemn ritual given,
In clouds and thunder, to their sires from heaven.

And, in the boundless solitude which fills,
Even as a mighty heart, their wild domains:
In caves, and glens of the unpeopled hills;
And the deep shadow that for ever reigns
Spirit like in their woods; where, roaring, spills
The giant cataract to the astounded plains.
Nature, in her sublimest moods, had given,
Not man's weak lore,—but a quick flash from heaven.

Roaming, in their free lives, by lake and stream;
Beneath the splendor of their gorgeous sky;
Encamping, while shot down night's starry gleam,
In piny glades, where their forefathers lie;
Voices would come, and breathing whispers seem
To rouse within the life which may not die;
Begetting valorous deeds, and thoughts intense,
And a wild gush of burning eloquence.

Such were the men who round the pilgrims came.
Oh! righteous heaven! and thou, heaven-dwelling
sun!

How from my heart spring tears of grief and shame,
To think how runs—and quickly shall have run
O'er earth, for twice a thousand years, your flame,
Since, for man's weal, Christ's victories were won;
Since dying, to his sons, love's gift divine
He gave, the bond of brotherhood and the sign.—

Where shines the symbol? Europe's mighty states,
The brethren of the cross—from age to age,
Have striven to quench in blood their quenchless hates;

Or—cease their armed hosts awhile their rage,
'Tis but that Peace may half unclothe her gates
In mockery ; that each diplomatic sage
May treat and sign, while War recruits his power
And grinds the sword fresh millions to devour.

Yet thus could, in a savage-styled land,
A few,—reviled, scorn'd hated of the whole,
Stretch forth for peace the unceremonious hand,
And stamp Truth, even upon a sealed scroll.
They called not God, or men, in proof to stand :
They prayed no vengeance on the perjured soul :
But heaven look'd down, and moved with wonder saw
A compact framed, where time might bring no flaw.

Yet, through the land no clamorous triumph spread.
Some bursts of natural eloquence were there :
Somewhat of his past wrongs the Indian said ;
Of deeds design'd which now were given to air.
Some tears the mother o'er her infant shed,
As through her soul pass'd Hope's depictions fair ;
And they were gone—the guileless scene was o'er ;
And the wild woods absorb'd their tribes once more.

Ay, years have rolled on years, and long has Penn
Pass'd, with his justice, from the soil he bought ;
And the world's spirit, and the world's true men
Its native sons with different views have sought
Crushing them down till they have risen again
With bloodiest retribution ; yet have taught,
Even while their hot revenge spread fire and scath,
Their ancient, firm, inviolable faith.

When burst the war-whoop at the dead of night,
And the blood curdled at the dreadful sound ;

And morning brought not its accustomed light
To thousands slumbering in their gore around ;
Then, like oases in the desert's blight,
The homes of Penn's peculiar tribe were found :
And still the scroll he gave, in love and pride,
Their hands preserve,—earth has not such beside.

Yes ; prize it, warning race, for never more
Shall your wild glades another Penn behold :
Pure, dauntless legislator, who did soar
Higher than dared sublimest thought of old.
That antique lie which bent the great of yore,
And ruleth still—Expedience stern and cold,
He pluck'd with scorn from its usurped car
And showed Truth strong, and glorious as a star.

The vast, the ebbless, the engulphing tide
Of the white population still rolls on !
And quail'd has your romantic heart of pride,—
The kingly spirit of the woods is gone.
Farther, and farther do ye wend to hide
Your wasting strength ; to mourn your glory flown,
And sigh to think how soon shall crowds pursue
Down the lone stream where glides the still canoe.

And ye, a beautiful nonentity, ere long,
Shall live but with past marvels, to adorn
Some fabling theme, some unavailing song.
But ye have piled a monument of scorn
For trite oppression's sophistry of wrong.
Proving, by all your tameless hearts have borne,
What now ye might have been, had ye but met
With love like yours, and faith unwavering yet.

LOVE'S MOST HOLY SIGN.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign :
When the mother's bosom bare
Giveth milk to baby fair ;
When the ailing infant's cries
Bring tears to the mother's eyes ;
Smile for smile, and eye for eye,
Tear for tear, and sigh for sigh,
Then appears the law divine—
Mine is thine and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign !
When the lover takes his bride,
Each shall share the same fireside,
Each the blue sky over head,
Each the board and each the bed ;
Each the night and each the day,
Each the toil and each the play,
Pulse to pulse and start for start,
Beat for beat and heart for heart ;
Thus they show the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign :
When the members of the State
Children are of Mother great ;
One in heart and one in head,
Like two lover's ripely wed ;

When they each shall share as one,
Morning red and evening dun,
Each the spade and each the lute,
Each the work and each the fruit,
Each the common table spread,
Each the blue sky over head ;
Then shall rule the law divine—
Mine is thine and thine is mine.

KINDNESS.

(Scene from a Drama.)

DAY K. LEE.

(Enter Velasquez and Francesca.)

FRAN. Kind Heaven will bless the great Velasquez,
Will he but soften in one design of his !
Would it not more our mighty Sovereign please,
While joys of mind it piled in store for thee,
To take the armor of the gentle Savior,
And make thy conquests by his kindly power ?

VEL. I'm set for large revenge on Ashtabula !

FRAN. For what, great Sir, hath he incurred revenge ?

VEL. His tribes destroyed a ship's crew of our people.

FRAN. And would revenge restore them ?

VEL. 'Twill bring some satisfaction to our minds,
And wipe dishonor off.

FRAN. So comes a rapture with the serpent's bite,
When satisfaction followeth revenge :
And so a frost calls back the violet's bloom,
When it restoreth honor !

VEL. Cast to the swine your pearls, and let them rend
ye,
While I talk kindness to the cannibals.

FRAN. They are no cannibals ;—pardon, my lord !
Our great Columbus told us he had found
A race most gentle, kind, and beautiful,
When he returned from this delightful isle.
But were they cannibals of tiger hearts,
Kindness would fetch them to a facile will !
The words of kindness are swift victories.

VEL. Go woo a tiger as ye'd woo a lover !
And press his cheek in maiden dalliance dear,
But leave me to my purpose, an' ye will.

FRAN. There is a sympathy—

VEL. Throw sympathy to crocodiles and condors.

FRAN. There is a golden chord of sympathy
Tuned in the harp of every human soul,
Which, by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts ;
Inflicts full chastening for remembered wrong,
And melts the ice of hate to streams of love,
And naught but kindness that sweet chord can
touch .

THE BELLS OF TIME.

TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin !
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE TRUE CONQUEROR.

(Scene from a Drama.)

DAY K. LEE.

(Enter Velasquez, Edmondo, and Cortez.)

ED. Thy usual mood is hope and will ;
And sure, when victory sits on all our tents
And Cuban winds waft welcomes to our host,
Kissing the banners of the cross in worship,
Thou'lt act thyself, and scorn with Christian soul,
All thoughts that falsely fear reverse of fortune.

VEL. All I have won I'll hold, nor fear for that !
Yet will they die, I deem, or e'er they'll yield.
That rampant leader ranging still at large
May prove another pestilent Ontara,
Worse to subdue than the hard hills he treads.

CORT. Our fortune met us as Arnaldo pledged.

VEL. He shows a scoundrel in that base betrayal ;
And while one promise, as ye say, came true,
Why should we trust the traitor in another,
With power to trip us to destruction still ?
Is not his absence ominous of guile ?

(Enter Arnaldo.)

CORT. Hist, ho ! he comes !
Lifting a look we'd worship in St. Peter !

ARN. Triumphed ye not to ample satisfaction ?

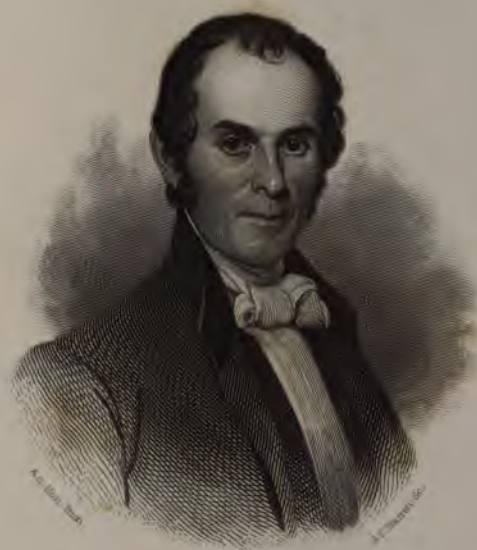
CORT. So far so good,
And here we wait for further consultations.

VEL. And when our purposes are all fulfilled,
We'll talk of ample satisfaction. Say,
In what wise way may we conclude this war,
And hold their champion and his tribe as ours ?

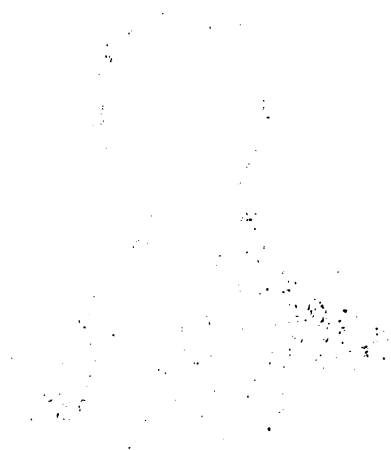
ED. Women and all !

VEL. Not one sole savage head except.

ARN. The triumph ye have reapt opes wide the gates
To a most lovely Andalusia,
While it hath cost me agonies of soul
The wealth of Coromandel could not buy.
Their champion is a friend I should have died for.
He saved my life when hundreds clutched to rend
me,
And here I'm plotting like a fiend his fate !
But far upon a mountain of the isle
There shines a gem in peerless beauty bright,
I'd lose my soul's salvation to possess.



Truly thy friend
John G. Whittier.



VEL. Desist ! I'll be obeyed ! why all this rant ?
Proceed, Arnaldo, with thy wish and scheme.

FRAN. Think what a gentle people moan and bleed !
O when will our blest Savior send his love
Through all the hearts of his pretended friends,
And make them mighty in appeals of peace !

VEL. Strange doctrines these,

CORT. To deal to champions of the Lord of hosts !

FRAN. O, name not Him as pleased with works like
yours !

ED. Came not his Son to conquer ?

FRAN. Indeed, indeed he did !
But not as vulgar Alexander conquered !
Not to grieve men with wounds, and chains, and
deaths !
Not to turn paradises to perditions,
Pierce the pure heavens with shriekings of dis-
tress,
And float to glory on a sea of blood !
O no !—He came—the blessed Savior came
To conquer all unkindnesses on earth !—
Came to cast down the Prince of proud oppressors,
And bring his mild beatitudes to reign !

VEL. What vagaries are these ?

CORT. The old wives' fables
'Gainst which methinks our holy Peter warned.
16

FRAN. The sweetest tidings of sweet Christ are they !
The royal angel host announcing him
Warbled the strain as heaven's miraculous music ;
Earth rolled exultant through the sea of song,
While hill to hill bore on the dulcet joy,
And star to star the affluent anthem pealed.

REVENGE.

(Scene from a Drama.)

DAY K. LEE.

[Enter Owasco, Tlaslon, and Cubans.]

1st CUBAN, I will nor doubt nor tremble more.
And O if the great Manitou but lend a smile,
And give the invaders captive to our hands,
How will our quick brains labor on the task
T' invent worse torments for them. And what joys !
What exultations then will cheer our dance
And fire our songs, as we behold their griefs.

2d CUBAN. Revenge comes sweeter than the rose's
breath
When triumphs justice over her assailants !

OWASCO. Leave Caribs to revenge and talks of torture.
Who grace their war-feasts with their broiling foes ;
While Cubans, shuddering at a heart so fell,
Show all their vengeance in the dauntless deeds.
Will drive them from our gardens.

TLASLON. Revenge were sweet and beautiful to me,
Could I but wreak its pains upon a Spaniard !

1st. CUBAN. I'd gnash my keen teeth on them, feared
I not

Infection from th' infernals. I would slay 'em ;
I'd slit their tongues, I'd tear their nails out.

OWASCO. Wonder I not my brothers are incensed,
Thinking what deeds of demons they have dealt us ;
How they will war t' enforce us in their power ;
And give us tastes of Christian zeal and grace.
Burning our bodies to redeem our souls ;
Holding in one hand their red robber cross
And in the other tortures for the alien.
But most I joy to know each brave of you
When war is o'er will scorn t' afflict a captive.

2d CUBAN. What ! shall we love them then ?

TIASLON. Love a Spaniard ?

OWASCO. Loves not the Great Good Spirit all that live ?
Loves he not vilest creatures of the earth ?
Lizards and spiders, toads and crocodiles,
Making each happy in its loathly sphere ?
Loves he not Spaniards, that they are his creatures
And hold a being in a world so blest ?
We may repel them from their work of wo,
Dealing them death as they were brute assailants ;
But shall we not so like our Maker rise,
To scorn all torturing of our captive kind ?
Love is a form and soul of Manitou,
Love smiles in all the beautiful and good ;
But O Revenge ! fell monster-born of evil
Finds not a likeness in worst things that rage.
Gorged with foul carnival, and clamoring still,
It comes to earth, as to a fold the panther,

Taking of Sorrow's heart a desert sweet,
 Of Pity's tears a chaste luscious drink.
 Earth hath no hydra dire, hell hath no fiend,
 Nor the great Spirit one grim rival like it !
 The scorn of Cubans e'er should be revenge !

DO THEY LOVE IN HEAVEN ?

MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

"Do they love in heaven ?" the maiden asked ;
 She sat at her pastor's feet,—
 A girl who oft in the sun had basked,
 Till her cheek grew brown with heat.
 "Do they love in heaven ? I would not be
 An angel that could not love :
 O, dearer the crown of mortality,
 Than any they wear above ;
 Unless the heart is a changeless thing,
 And carries its truth to heaven ;
 I'd spurn the gift of an angel's wing,
 If love were not also given !"

"The heart is not a changeless thing,
 Young maiden," the Pere replied ;
 There is not strength in an angel's wing
 To lift a spirit of pride !
 Wouldst carry thither the weight of sin
 That burdens thee where thou art ?
 O, maiden, repeat that thought again,
 Ere asking a changeless heart.
 A changeless heart ! what a dreary thought

To the spirit that burdened lies,
With its chain of woe so heavily fraught,
It struggles in vain to rise !”

“ Then they do not love in that brighter land,
Where they walk on gold-fringed stars,—
Where cherubim dance, hand linked in hand,
And tinkle their sweet guitars ?
O, father, why tell me that I must go
To a loveless home on high ?
Far sweeter with those that I love below,
In the cold, dark grave to lie !
The roses will sleep, and the birds will sing,
And my lambs will gayly rove ;
And I shall be—not a desolate thing,
Immortal, with none to love !”

“ Hush, hush ! young maiden ;—with none to love ?
O, cheerless indeed would be
A home below or a home above,
Where our love could not be free !
Yes, yes ; the heart, in all its change,
Adds vigor and depth to Love ;
And free as a bird that heart will range
Forever and ever above,
To find enough of the thousands there,
To feed with its wastless store,
Yet ever and ever, as ages wear,
Will gather still more and more !”

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

ANONYMOUS.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And from the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls !
Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

LITTLE GIFTS.

TALFOURD.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the bension of friends

About the honoured death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

THE ERRING.

MISS FLETCHER.

Think gently of the Erring !
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the Erring !
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stain'd by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir to the self-same heritage !
Child of the self-same God !
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the Erring !
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without the censure rough ?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear—
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the Erring !
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words, and tones of love,
From Misery's thorny track,
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

CHARITY IN THE MILLENNIUM.

SINGING OF HER MISSION AND VICTORY.

DAY K. LEE.

/ On errands far and speedy
I went the kingdoms o'er,
And all the poor and needy
Are blest in soul and store.

On hearts grown hard with slaughter
I smote the rod of God
And loveliness like water
Runs flowing all abroad.

• On prayers for heavenly union
I dealt my dear delights ;
And in one wide communion
The loving world unites.

Hail day, all blest, all-glorious !
Hail year of long repose !
With you I rise victorious,
With you my triumphs close !

LAW OF LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

A brother errs—wherefore bring
The carnal weapons sure to kill?
These only rouse a serpent's sting,
And not the law of love fulfil.

The tender language of the soul,
Where love in every word is seen,
Will passion's raging flames control
And back to truth and virtue win.

GENTLE WORDS.

ANONYMOUS.

Those words that breathe of tenderness
And words we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew?

HOSPITALITY.

GOLDSMITH.

Blest be the spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned.
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

FORGIVENESS.

When on a fragrant sandal tree,
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who blooms so beautifully,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns !
To smile and bless the hand that spurns ;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again !
One had it—but *He* came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no 'plaint he made :
But when in death's dark pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died !

Soon War, old tyrant, bloody-faced and pale,
Shall yield his breath, *run over by the rail* :
Crushed by the car of steam no more to rise,
To fill the world with tears and agonies.

MACKAY.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

AKENSIDE.

“————— Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring.
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship ! as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes ?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with everblooming olives crowns
The gate ; where Honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene !

COMPASSION IN GOD ETERNAL.

COWPER.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE.

BEATTIE.

Nor less to regulate man's mortal frame,
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear or pants for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a friend more fierce than they !
Flee to the shades of Academus' grove ;
Where cares molest not ! discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of
love.

LOVE'S PANEGRIC.

CHAPMAN.

'Tis nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man , so without Love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried ;
For Love informs them as the Sun doth colors.

FORGIVENESS.

DRYDEN.

Great souls forgive not injuries till time
Has put their enemies into their power,
That they may show forgiveness is their own.

GIVEN TO LOVE AND KINDNESS.

BEATTIE.

And from the prayer of want, and plaint of wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear,
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
To others do, (the law is not severe,)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done ;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear ;
And friends and native land ; nor those alone ;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own.

MERCIFUL JUGDMENT.

SHAKSPEARE.

How would you be,
If He, who is the top of Judgment, should
But judge as you do ? O, think on that :
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

WHAT IS THIS LOVE ?

DARCY.

What is this subtle searching flame of love,
That penetrates the tender breast unmasked,
And blasts the heart of adamant within ;
As the quick lightning oft calcines the blade
Of tempered steel, and leaves the sheath unhurt.

THE GLORY OF FORGIVING.

ROWE.

The narrow soul
Knows not the glory of forgiving ;
Nor can the cold, the ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fixed the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds :
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
And conquers more than ever Cæsar's sword.

FRIENDSHIP.

CATHARINE PHILIPS.

Friendship's an abstract of Love's noble flame,
'Tis Love refined, and purged from all its dross,
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong as passion is, though not so gross :
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is a heaven in epitomy.

SUPREMACY OF MERCY.

ROWE.

'Tis Mercy ! Mercy !
The mark of heaven impressed on human kind,
Mercy that glads the world, deals joy around,
Mercy that smoothes the dreadful brow of power,
And makes dominion light: Mercy that saves
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.

APOSTROPHE TO MERCY.

SOMERVILLE.

O Mercy, heavenly boon ! sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but joined with thee,
On rocks of adamant, it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.

THE PLEASURE OF MERCY.

WALLER.

Less pleasure take brave hearts in battle won
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

MERCY ETERNAL.

MILTON.

In Mercy and in Justice both
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

THE EXCELLENCE OF MERCY.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The greatest attribute of heaven is Mercy ;
And 'tis the crown of Justice and the glory,
Where it may kill with right to save with pity

MERCY IS HEAVENLY.

DAVENANT.

O think ! think upward on the thrones above ;
Disdain not Mercy, since they Mercy love !
If Mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

THE RAPTURE OF BENEFICENCE.

THOMSON.

But to the generous still improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy.
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
To him the long review of ordered life
Is inward rapture only to be felt.

POWER OF LOVE.

TUPPER.

I had a seeming friend,—I gave him gifts, and he was
gone,
I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won him ;
Common friendship standeth on equalities and cannot
bear a debt ;
But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's
love,

IT IS EASY TO FORGIVE.

THOMSON.

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
Than for offence to ask it.

TRUE GREATNESS.

ROWE.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

SHAKSPEARE.

Things base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

APOSTROPHE TO LOVE.

MOORE.

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learned to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, Oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night
Whose horrors seemed to smile in shadowing thee!

THE NOBLEST MINSTRELSY.

MOORE.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the heroes ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are bathed, all o'er, with tears.
How far more sweet their numbers run
Who hymn like saints above,
No victor but the Eternal One,
No trophies but of Love !

NOBILITY OF KINDNESS

BYRON.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding fields of gore.

WONDERS OF LOVE.

FATTERSON.

Almighty Love ! what wonders are not thine
Soon as thy influence breathes upon the soul,
By thee, the haughty bend a suppliant knee,
By thee, the hand of avarice is opened
Into profusion ; by thy power the heart
Of cruelty is melted into softness :
The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.

ENNOBLING INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

MILTON.

In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not : Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no place for thee was found.

EPITAPH.

LOWELL.

Let it be graven on my tomb ;—
“ He came and left more smiles behind,
One ray he shot athwart the gloom,
He helped one fetter to unbind,
Men think of him and grow more kind.”

LOVE.

BYRON.

Devotion wafts the soul above,
But heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul !

LOVE.

SCOTT.

Love is a gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

FEW NOBLE.

ROWE.

How few like thee, inquire the wretched out
And court the offices of soft humanity,
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphans,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep !

REWARD OF KINDNESS.

ROWE.

Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all ; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven, and pull a blessing on thee.

ONE TOUCH OF LOVE.

T. L. HARRIS.

One touch may make the hardest heart a fountain
Of love and tenderness, and faith and song ;
He who stood loftiest on truth's holy mountain,
Felt the great brotherhood most full and strong.

REWARD OF GENEROSITY.

HOWARD.

Thou can'st not reach the light that I shall find ;
A generous soul is sunshine to the mind.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

KARAMSIN.

Is aught holier than the light
Kindled in our souls by heaven ?
Is aught stronger than the might
Given to love,—to beauty given ?

SUPPORT TO THE ENFRANCHISED.

SHAKESPEARE.

I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me !
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

OUR STEWARDSHIP IS ONE OF CHARITY.

MIDDLETON.

Nothing can truly be termed mine own
But what I make mine own by using well,
Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay forever with us : and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed, we only keep ;
The other is not ours.

THE FORCE OF KINDNESS.

SHAKSPEARE.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

Written by Maungwadaus, an Indian chief who never
was at school.

The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails are laid :
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in,
Nor fee for them is there to pay ;
For Jesus is himself the way.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train :
All ye who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first and second and third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.
Come then, poor sinners, now's the time,
At any place along the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop, and take you in

CHRISTIANITY.

DAY K. LEE.

The God of CHRISTIANITY !
Oh ! who shall not adore him
His word fulfils, and demon ills
Are vanishing before him.
Kind smiles of light, like morn on night,
Outshine from his pavillion :
His voice " ARISE," thrills earth and skies,
And wakes the slumbering million.
On all the lands his altar stands,
And there the ransomed gather ;
In grace and spirit, his sons inherit,—
He reigns and rules —THE FATHER.

The CHRIST of CHRISTIANITY !
O nations ! all behold him !
The Friend of friends, he lives, ascends,
As holy seers foretold him.
His era rolls, and myriad souls
Receive his heavenly story ;
And still he reigns, and still attains
New victory and glory.

Like vernal blooms, his kingdom comes
In waste and wintry regions ;
And radiant faces of all the races
Swell wide his adoring legions.

The HOPE of CHRISTIANITY !
Is heaven her sole possession ?
Shall sons of time cease ne'er from crime,
Nor put away transgression ?
Long not on high her realms to spy,
Till given an angel's pinion !
Her gardens grow, blest grace ! below ;
The WORLD is her dominion !
She sings of hours, when Eden-bowers
Shall crown all earth's plantations,
And Eden-joys, without alloys,
Beatify the nations.

The DAY of CHRISTIANITY !
How jubilant its warning !
How grand its dawn, now leading on
The rosy-footed morning !
Fell Falses gray shall melt away,
Like mist-forms, in its rising ;
Nor Wrong nor Wo the wide world know,
In all the scene surprising.
New earth and heaven shall then be given,
As hailed by saints and sages ;
And Love shall lighten, and Wisdom brighten,
The Sabbath of the ages.

The WORK of CHRISTIANITY !
Are all its acts a fable ?
To do thy Word, thy Will, O Lord,

Shall men build towers of Babel ?
 No ! they who toil on Love's broad soil
 Are the commandment-keepers.
 Go forth, all hands ! God's fallow lands
 Want ploughmen, seedmen, reapers !
 Plough deep and long ; uproot old Wrong !
 Turn sins, turn slaveries under :
 Sow Wisdom, Lowliness, Freedom, Holiness ;
 And reap in joy and wonder !

THE PRAYER of CHRISTIANITY !
 Breathe they, O Lord, its burden,
 Who fleece thy fold, then basely bold
 Demand thy daily pardon ?
 No ! no ! its fires wing warm desires
 And kindle high convictions ;
 Its sweet voice pleads in manly deeds,
 And breathes kind benedictions !
 It cries : " Thy Will, O God, fulfil !
 Send smiles ; send consolators !"
 And last petitions, " Move on the missions
 Of loving liberators !"

MESSIAH.

POPE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more,—O, Thou my voice inspire

Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son :
From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ,
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And, in soft silence, shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise, the expected morn !
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise ;
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! A God, a GOD appears !
A God, a God, the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains ; and, ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Savior comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf : and all ye blind, behold !

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day ;
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he wipes off every tear ;
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering, sheep directs
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on every side, arise,

Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings
And heaped with products of Sabea springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved, in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

THE GOLDEN CITY.

MACKAY.

" O, the golden city,
Shining far away ;
With its domes and steeples tall,
And the sunlight over all ;
With the waters of a bay,
Dotted over with a fleet,
Rippling gently at its feet :
O the golden city—so beautiful to see !

It shall open wide its portals,
And I'll tell you if it be
The city of the happy
The city of the free.

O, the glorious city,
Shining far away ;
In its boundaries every man
Makes his happiness a plan,
That he studies night and day,
Till he thinks it not alone,
Like his property, his own :
O, the glorious city—so beautiful to see !
But he spreads it round about him,
Till all be blest as he ;
His mind an inward sunshine,
And bright eternally.

O the splendid city
Gleaming far away ;
Every man by Love possessed,
Has a priest within his breast ;
And, whene'er he kneels to pray,
Never breathes a thought unkind
Against men of other mind :
O, the glorious city—so beautiful to see !
But knows that God Eternal
Will shower his blessings free
On hearts that live to love Him
And cling to Charity.

O the gorgeous city,
Shining far away ;
18 * Where a competence is bliss,

And each man that lives has this
For his labor of the day :
A labor not too hard,
And a bountiful reward ;—
O, the glorious city—so beautiful to see !
Where mighty wheels to aid him
Revolve incessantly;
And science gains to cheer him.
A daily victory.

O the glorious city
Shining far away !
Neither Misery nor Crime,
Nor the wrongs of ancient Time,
Nor the Kingly lust of sway
Ever come within its wall
To degrade or to enthal—
O the glorious city—so beautiful to see !
But Peace, and Love and Knowledge,
The civilizing Three
Still prove by good that has been
The BETTER that may be."

JESUS BEHOLDING IN VISIONS THE GOLD-
EN AGE TO COME.

BULFINCH.

Oft on the great Messiah's way,
When the harsh din of conflict rose,
And toil and peril round him lay,
While men and friends alike were foes,

Visions of glorious scenes to come
Were sent by Heaven to cheer his sight.
As the faint ray from distant home
Revives the wanderer's heart at night.

Thus, when with eye and heart of joy
Back from their toil the seventy came,
And told that on that high employ
Demons had bowed before thy name,
The lofty prophet-spirit woke
Within thy breast, God's holy Son !
And forth the rapt announcement broke
Of conquest by thy people won.

Not Moses, when in age he strung
For Israel the prophetic lyre,
Not David, when the lays he sung
Were glowing with devotion's fire,
So high an inspiration knew,
Or owned a vision so sublime,
As when his glance the Savior threw
Down the far stream of coming time.

Satan he saw as lightning fall
Before the conquest of his word,
The power that held the world in thrall
Bow to the sceptre of the Lord.
O'er coming centuries as they rolled
He saw his cross triumphant rise,
Till the millennial age of gold
Bounded the scene and touched the skies.

Yes, mighty King ! The power is thine ;
By God to thee of old 'twas given.

O let thy peaceful banner shine,
And evil from the world be driven.
O Father ! arm our zeal and love,
To aid the triumphs of thy Law,
Till here, as in thy heaven above,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done !

THE FUTURE.

DAY K. LEE.

Then turn we to the Future, and behold
Trials and Triumphs to the sight unrolled.
The trials first attract our eager gaze,
And War's blue fiend-fires to the welkin blaze ;
And dragon Falsehood darting from her fen,
Spits her hot lies and feeds on hearts of men ;
Perked Fashion sees her purple splendors shine ,
Swelled Gormand swills his wassail like the swine ;
Light, Love and Truth take many a savage lance
From Superstition and Intolerance ;
Leopards lie couchant on each holy height,
And lions lurk in all the ways of right.

Oppression still in realms of beauty reigns,
And vaunting Wrong a frequent victory gains ;
And Wealth, like Juggernaut, God's worship steals,
And crushes thousands with his crimson wheels.
Yet still as Heaven's bold champions press the fight
Hell's black battalions oft are put to flight ;
And promise tells us that the golden day
Of Peace and Gladness shall not long delay.

And lo ! the heralds of its dawn are here,
And round the east auroral lights appear ;
And Faith moves smiling o'er the mountains dun,
On tiptoe seeking for the rising sun !

The round sun rises, and on all the sky
The Church Triumphant paints her majesty.
And then vain glories vanish fast away,
Like mist-forms melting in the glance of day ;
'The bondman's fetter and the captive's yoke
Meet her mild light and part beneath the stroke.
She warms the waste, and gilds the desert gloom,
And wins the barren wilderness to bloom ;
And Discords, fabling endless Hate and Hell,
Die as the notes of her grand organ swell,
And quiring Loves and quavering Graces raise
The holy song of harmony and praise.

Then through rich vistas that no longer frown,
Columbia rises to receive her crown.
Graced Nymph of Nations, grander to behold
Than Plato's green Atlantis robed in gold !
And Peace and Freedom, fairest cherub twain,
Poise her proud sceptre and support her train ;
And sun-eyed Science zoned with stars attends ;
Letters and Labors rank as royal friends ;
With Art, and Taste, and Talent, and Design,
The hills all lighten and the valleys shine ;
And free-made millions marshal to the scene,
Swell her wide hosts and hail Columbia queen.

The vision changes, and the Church and State
Clasp hands, and rise with love and joy elate,
And wave one sceptre, one sweet will maintain,

And o'er one realm in bliss and beauty reign.
Then shall old Earth young vernal verdures wear,
And then mankind autumnal honors bear ;
And as the golden Cherubims that stood
In Hebrew temple, and in holy mood,
With out-spread wings perpetual vigils kept
O'er Ark and Mercy-Seat beneath that slept ;
So those twin cherubs, till the World shall cease
Shall guard the archives of her light and peace.

The vision pauses, and all earth and skies
Glow with the morning majesties that rise.
God's emerald sunbow beams all sights above,
Rayed in a robe with Man's last tears inwove !
And while you feast your fond eyes on the view,
And Hope assures you the blest dream is true ;
Rise and be valiant, O my brother man !
And haste its glad fulfilment as ye can.
Conquer the foes in your own soul, and bring
The first millennium there on flying wing ;
Then free and bless your brothers all, and pray
In work and worship for the distant day !

THE LAST LONG SABBATH.

(IN THE MANNER OF MACAY.)

DAY K. LEE.

We shall have a long Sabbath, friends !
A last long Sabbath.
We've waited all the weary years,

We've waited in our toils and tear,
For the last long Sabbath !
And now the weary years are gone,
And toiling and repining ;—
O put your robes of worship on,
That Sabbath bright is shining !

We shall have a long Sabbath, friends !
A last long Sabbath,
No sect or party shall be found,
Creed or condition, ban or bond,
In the last long Sabbath.
One Church shall rise and worship, one,
All spirits intertwining :—
O put your robes of worship on,
That Sabbath bright is shining !

We shall have a long Sabbath, friends !
A last long Sabbath.
'T will be a lovely sight to see
All people meet in unity,
In the last long Sabbath.
'T will be a heaven on earth begun,
And earth to heaven resigning ;
O put your robes of worship on,
That Sabbath bright is shining !

We shall have a long Sabbath, friends
A last long Sabbath.
Each virtue then a hymn shall rise,
Each deed a fragrant sacrifice,
In the last long Sabbath.

- And all our life, while time shall run,
A rest on Christ reclining ;—
O put you robes of worship on,
That Sabbath bright is shining !